THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXI—No. 1446

SEPTEMBER 2, 1931

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

THE RHINE AND ROUND ABOUT: By CHARLES GRAVES

By Appointment.

PARIPAN
BRUSHING LACQUER

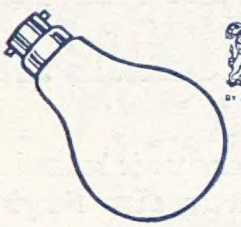
"paint a little, wait a little, paint a little more."

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME WITH RICH, LUSTROUS COLOURS.

PARIPAN LIMITED,
Sherwood House, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

ROYAL EDISWAN



It's worth while to buy good Lamps

L. 80

DINNEFORD'S
PURE FLUID
MAGNESIA

A Century's Success!

For over a hundred years Dinneford's Magnesia has been successfully used in cases of Gout, Gravel, Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious Affections, &c. Doctors recommend Dinneford's Magnesia as a safe and effective laxative for regular use. Solid or powdered magnesia has been proved by eminent Chemists to cause trouble by forming hard, insoluble lumps in the bowels.

FOR FULL INSTRUCTIONS READ PAMPHLET ENCLOSED WITH EACH BOTTLE.

AVOID IMITATIONS.
Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.
Manufactured in London for the past 100 years.
Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

COINTREAU
Extra Dry for England
THE FINEST LIQUEUR WITH THE COFFEE

By Appointment to H.M. King George V.
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

PETER ROBINSON

CHILPRUFE for CHILDREN Regd.

Chilprufe Underwear is knitted entirely from the best quality Empire Pure Wool. The close fabric is soft, light in weight and at the same time warm.

Great care is taken with the making of the garments which are finished one by one, and they may be relied on for continuous service. They are well-fitting, attractive and wash well. The seams are flat and the buttons well sewn.

Any requirement for School wear can be met from the wide selection available.

Catalogues of BOYS' CLOTHES and GIRLS' CLOTHES will be sent on request.

Peter Robinson Ltd.,
Oxford Street : Regent Street, W.1.

ÆSOP'S FABLES No. 2.

Hercules and the Waggoner

The moral of this fable of Æsop has passed into a common saying, "Put your Shoulder to the Wheel," and implies that effort is necessary if we are to overcome the difficulties of life. "It is vain to expect our prayers to be heard, if we do not strive as well as pray."

Let us send you an illustrated leaflet giving the fable in full and you will see how applicable is the lesson it contains to the case of parents providing for the education of their children.

If the parent will put his shoulder to the wheel by laying aside a small sum annually while the child is young, Hercules in the guise of

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

will extend a helping hand by means of a

PUBLIC SCHOOLS POLICY.

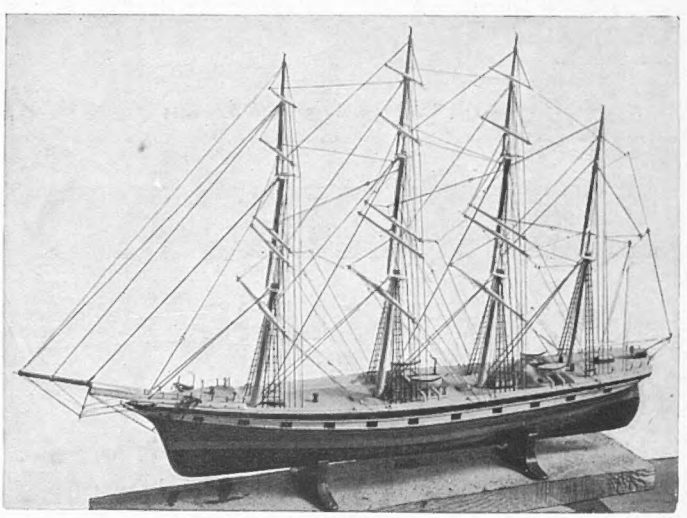
A postcard addressed to any of the Standard's Branches will bring an interesting leaflet depicting old Æsop's Fable and the Moral.

Ask for Fable No. 2 (Y).

The STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1825
LONDON
46 QUEEN VICTORIA ST. E.C.4
15A PALL MALL S.W.1
INDIA
CALCUTTA 32 DALHOUSIE SQUARE
BOMBAY — HORNBY ROAD
HEAD OFFICE - 3 GEORGE STREET EDINBURGH

"LOCH TORRIDON"

MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern) 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, have been made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32 King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

The Bystander, September 2, 1931 No. 1446. Vol. CXI.

the BYSTANDER

Lenare

THE HON. NANCY FREEMAN-MITFORD

The eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Redesdale and a well-known and popular figure in the younger set of Society. Her first novel, "Highland Fling," has enjoyed a remarkable success

BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN

The lovely house and lawns of Maristow, near Tavistock, one of the Devonshire seats of Sir Henry Lopes. A private church is one of the architectural features of Maristow, which is one of the most beautiful places in this county of sylvan beauty

the passing hour

WILL THIS BE JUNE'S NEXT HUSBAND?

June, otherwise Lady Inverclyde, with Mr. Lother Mendez, the American film producer. The photograph was taken at Reno, whither she went to get a divorce from Lord Inverclyde but found that such a divorce would not be recognised by the English Courts. She has since expressed the fond hope that Lord Inverclyde will "act the gentleman" to the extent of giving her grounds for divorce so that she can marry Mr. Mendez

NEVER, I should think, has clubland been so full as in the August just over; and it was not the vile weather alone which kept London so full. The crisis also played its part, and members went to their clubs to hear the latest news of the crisis and discuss the situation which had arisen.

IN one respect only was complete unanimity expressed, and that was in praising the statesmanship of the King. His action throughout proved him to be far more than a figure-head monarch. Without his guiding hand the country would assuredly have been in the throes of a General Election when immediate action by Parliament was necessary to deal with the economic crisis.

AGREEMENT was also pretty general that the National Government would be all the better for a short life and a useful one, but there was a distinct difference of opinion expressed as regards the composition of the Cabinet. Why, some asked, was Sir John Simon, who possesses the keenest intellect in the Liberal Party, and whose attitude helped greatly to break the General Strike, left out in the cold? In a National Government

(Continued on page 478)

The man who warned the late Government—Sir Warren Fisher, the Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, who played so big a part in the recent crisis. Sir Warren, who is only fifty-two, was educated at Winchester and Oxford, entering the Inland Revenue Department in 1903. Deputy Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue 1914–1918 and Chairman 1918–1919, he was a member of the Royal Commission on the Income Tax 1919, and became Chairman of the Industrial Transference Board in 1928 and of the Colonial Appointments Committee 1929

Lenare

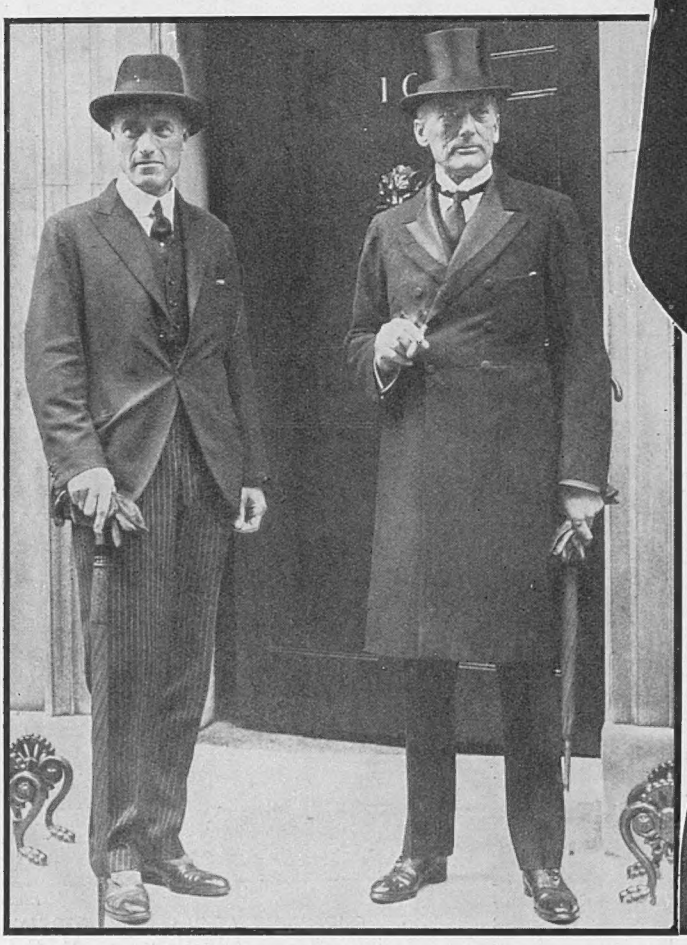
BARONESS LUCIA VON BORSINI

Who will be married this autumn to Mr. Gawen Brownrigg, the only son of Rear-Admiral Sir Douglas and Lady Brownrigg, of White Waltham, Berks. She is the only daughter of Baron and Baroness Victor von Borosini of Bienvenido, Pasadena, California

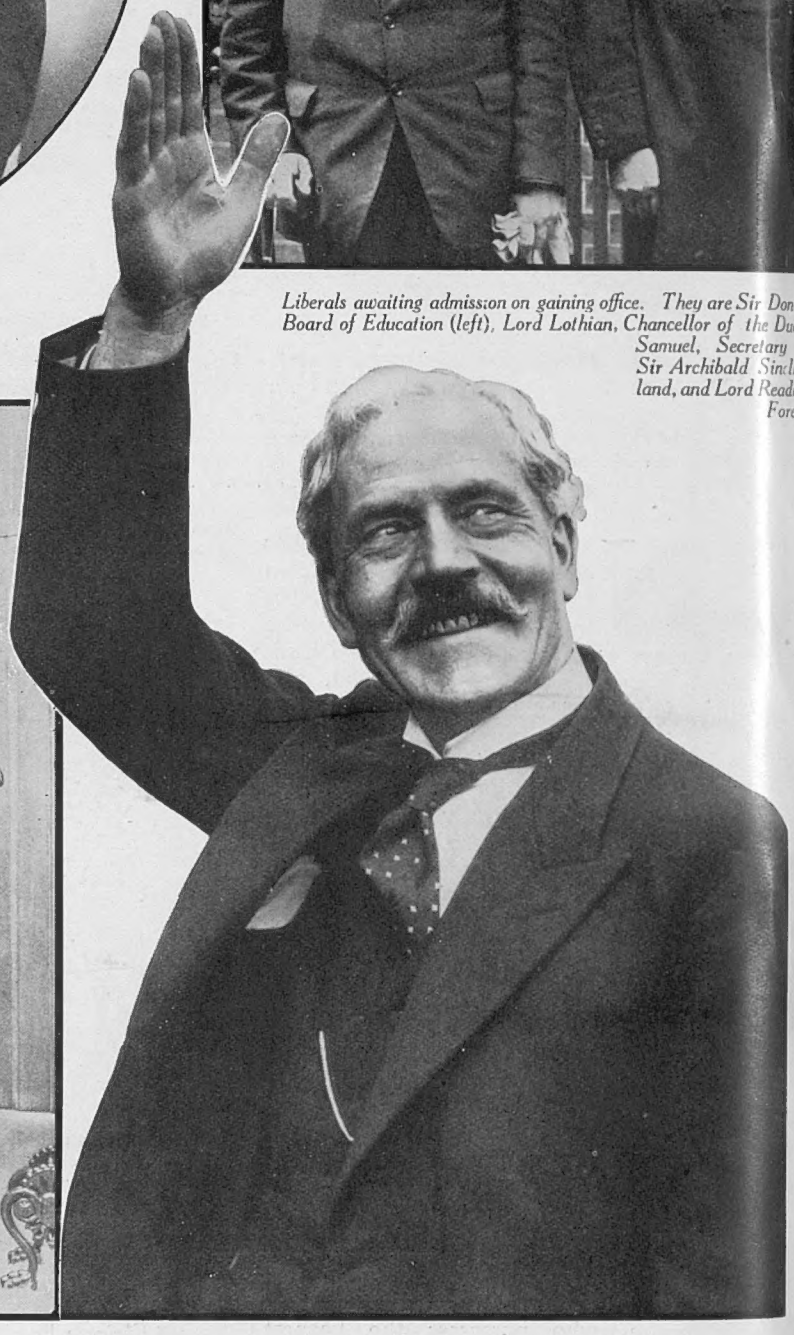
"INS" AND "OUTS" AT NO. 10

Mr. Philip Snowden, the "Free Trade Incorruptible," as he has been termed, still carries on as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is seen leaving No. 11 Downing Street, next door to the Premier's house.

Liberals awaiting admission on gaining office. They are Sir Donald ... Board of Education (left), Lord Lothian, Chancellor of the Duchy ... Samuel, Secretary of ... Sir Archibald Sinclair ... land, and Lord Reading, ... Foreign ...



Tory Chiefs again at No. 10. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, who becomes President of the Board of Trade and is a strong economist, with Sir Austen Chamberlain waiting to see the Premier. Sir Philip is in the Cabinet of ten to meet at No. 10 but Sir Austen, despite the last syllable of his name, is not



THE TRIUMPHANT NOTE

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald making a gesture of delight after he succeeded in bringing the other parties into his National Cabinet

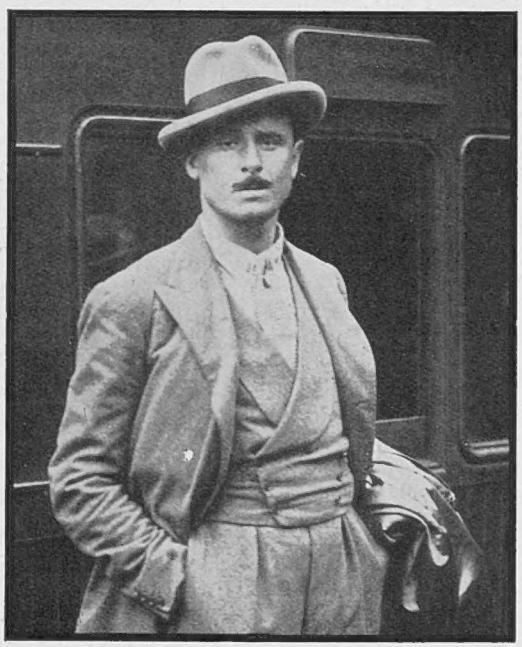
PHOTOGRAPHS OF POLITICIANS IN THE "CRISIS"

MacLean, President of the
of Lancaster, Sir Herbert
State for Home Affairs,
Secretary of State for Scot-
Secretary of State for
Affairs

Also on the steps of No. 10. Left is Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the New Minister of Health, and right, another new Conservative Minister, Sir Samuel Hoare, who has now become Secretary of State for India

A MOVING MOMENT

Mr. Stanley Baldwin prepares for eventualities in the true Democratic manner by carrying into No. 10 Downing Street a change of clothes and three pipes. It must certainly not be inferred from this picture that the Conservative leader contemplates becoming a change-coat!



Sir Oswald Mosley returns home from abroad per express to consult his Party of Four. He proposes to oppose the new Government, which he delicately describes as a "Government of Muttons"

THE CLUBS AND THE CRISIS

Not only every country in Europe but many municipalities elect Beauty Queens nowadays, and above is seen "Miss Germany 1931" on board a transatlantic liner en route for South America, where her reign will be brought to a romantic end by her marriage to a Brazilian millionaire. On the right is seen one of our many British Beauty Queens, Miss Ethel Wilson, Southend's Carnival Queen, with her Maids of Honour and last year's Queen, Miss Gladys Thompson, who is seated in front of her

(Continued from page 475)

must only the party hacks be chosen?

MANY Conservatives also lamented the fact that "Winnie" was not included, and that if it came to pooling the best brains of the country neither Churchill nor Simon should have been omitted.

ONCE again agreement was almost universal at the suggestion that with a National Government in power the opportunity should not be lost of reforming the House of Lords and giving a second chamber power to amend Money Bills. It was argued that the crisis was due to the fact that there was no restraining hand on the House of Commons in finance, and that as a protection in the future such power should be given to an elected body more careful of the country's welfare than the lower house has shown itself to be.

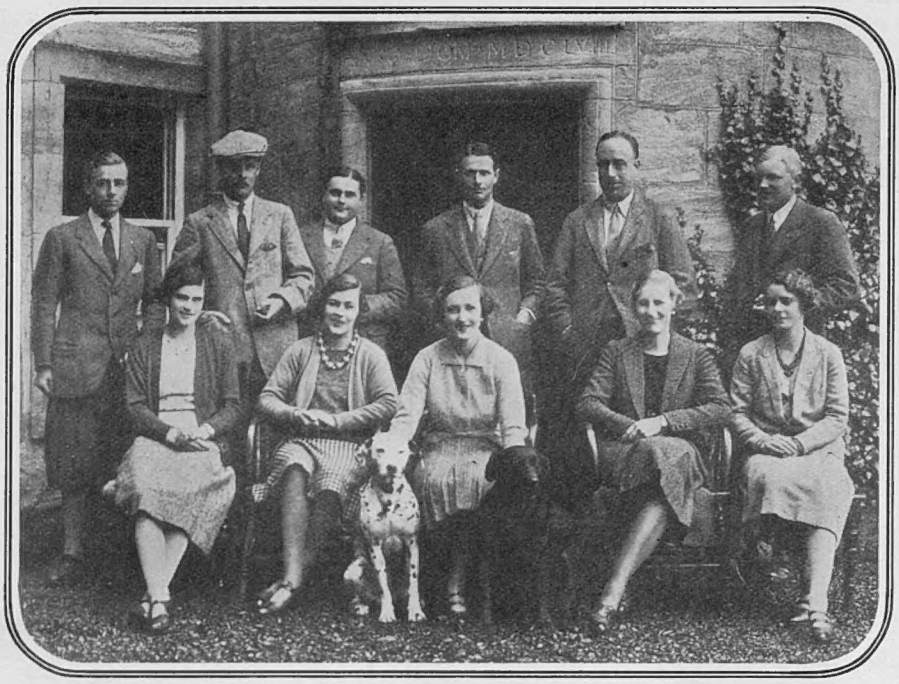
FINALLY, everybody seemed to be asking when, oh, when would this country have a protective tariff which is so sadly needed and which this stop-gap Government, with a Snowden as Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Samuel in the Cabinet, has now postponed until a National Government ceases to exist.

YES, it certainly has been a week of alarms and excursions, politically, and the amount of money spent by Londoners on telephone calls from foreign resorts to hear the latest news must have been fabulous. The most bizarre place of all at which to receive a telegram on the political conditions was probably the hotel on the top of the Zugspitz. A friend of mine, whose business connections made it necessary for him to hear the latest news, was staying there last week on a ski-ing holiday. He got his reply about Ramsay MacDonald and the T.U.C. in four hours. The Zugspitz, I may say, is 10,000 feet high and about fifty miles from Munich.

IN Germany, and in fact throughout Europe, the weather has been as poor as in England, except, of course, on the Riviera, where it has been unbearably hot. And when it is really hot in the South of France there is nothing to be done except to sit around with your tongue hanging out when you have finished bathing. Fortunately, the casino authorities have enough sense not to make you wear evening clothes, or even dark clothes, when gambling, and the amount of licence thus afforded makes a very entertaining spectacle. The only black seen is on the face of disgruntled punters.

A photograph taken outside the Royal Artillery Mess after the Hunt breakfast of the Bangalore Hunt Club. Included in the group are the Resident, the Hon. R. C. Burke, Major-General C. R. Newman, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., the Officer commanding the Madras District, and Mrs. Newman, Lady Mary Eastman, and the Maharajah of Verikatigiri

PLAYTIME ON THE CONTINENT



Members of Sir Keith and Lady Nuttall's Scottish house-party at Eliock, Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, which they have taken for the season and where the famous "Admirable Crichton" was born on August 19, 1560. In the front row are Mrs. Marshall Brookes (left), Mrs. Smith-Maxwell, Lady Nuttall, Miss Mary Lea, and Mrs. Pares Wilson. Standing are Capt. Hamilton Carter (left), Capt. Smith-Maxwell, Sir Keith Nuttall, Capt. Pares Wilson, Commander Colvin, and Colonel Marshall Brookes

THE latest and best casino story is that of the "lovelies" who are said to be making thousands of francs out of the unfortunate Battisti syndicate at Juan-les-Pins. The story is that a spiritualist has been hypnotising his clients who usually play at the small tables, and, sitting behind Battisti's chair, mesmerises them into drawing cards or "standing" as a result of his observations. It is said that Battisti has lost five million francs in this way during August, and is still losing. Battisti, as a matter of fact, is always unlucky. He never wins, whether he plays at Le Touquet, Biarritz, or Juan-les-Pins. Why he persists in running a baccarat bank I cannot think.

ONE of the more amusing captions in a certain London newspaper last week lay beneath a photograph of Miss Gloria Swanson and Mr. Michael Farmer taken in the South of France. Mr. Farmer is described as a wealthy young American, and the suggestion was that he was quite unknown in London, and, incidentally, was about to marry Miss Swanson. Mr. Farmer will be the first to laugh at the rumour of the romance.

IT is hard work keeping pace with the gaiety of the Continent, which this year is spread farther than ever before. Corsica, for example, has been very gay. It is becoming another Brioni, in fact. I hear that besides Lili Damita, the actress, Rosie Dolly, Harry Pilcer, Lord and Lady Dunsford, and Miss Mary Garden are all lending colour, in their different ways, to the Hôtel Napoleon Buonaparte there.

MISS EVELYN DOROTHY HEYWOOD

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heywood, of Pentney House, Narborough, Norfolk. She is engaged to Mr. George C. Stockwell, Seaforth Highlanders, the only son of Major-General G. C. I. and Mrs. Stockwell

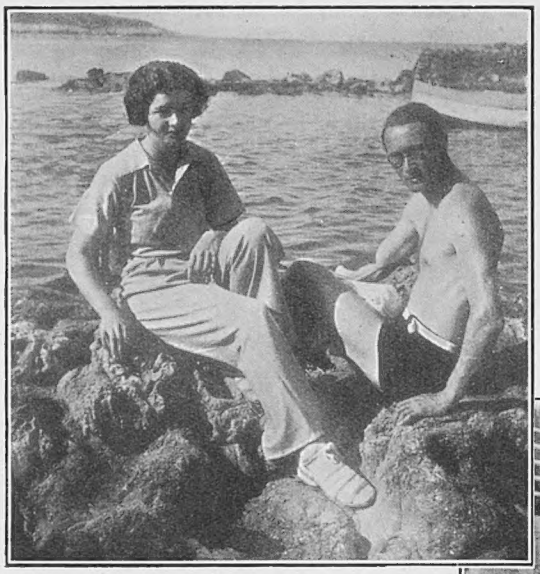
THE Alberoni golf course is becoming quite a rival to the Lido Plage at Venice. It was the scene the other day of a large party given in honour of an American hostess, who likes to be anonymous, by Princess Jane di San Fansimo. Among the rank and fashion on this occasion were Lady Bridget Parsons and Lady Mary Herbert, as well as Count and Countess Paul Munster, Lucien Lelong, and Princess Pignatelli.

MISS EDITH MARJORIE MARTINEAU

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Henry James Cumming Lattey, only son of the late Major J. C. Lattey, R.F.A., and of Mrs. Lattey, of Priors Court, Worcestershire. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martineau, of Bolney House, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.

AT Hossegor, where I prophesied that the Prince of Wales would soon be playing, Major Tommy Bouch has been seen on the links on various occasions. Captain Wingfield and Lord Ednam have been others of the English contingent. Hossegor is so far from Biarritz that it is never crowded, which will be a considerable inducement to the Prince. It is interesting how the latter has followed in the

ACQUIRING SUNBROWN AT ANTIBES



MISS ROSALIND NORMAN and MR. RONALD RENTON

footsteps of his grandfather, King Edward, in going to the Basque country. It was in the Hôtel Palais that King Edward received Mr. H. H. Asquith, as he then was, on his appointment as Prime Minister.

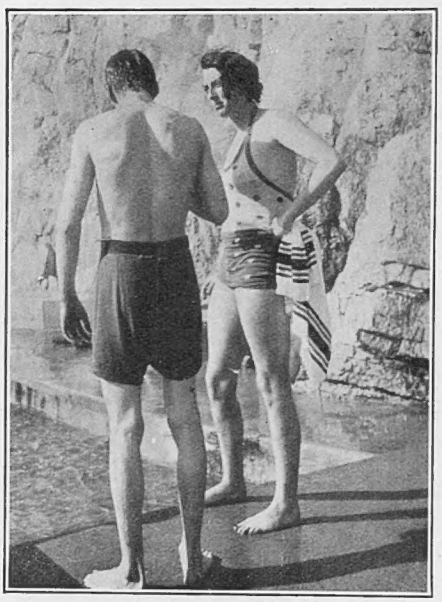
LADY VICTOR PAGET, who is staying at the Château de Matignon, has been having golf lessons at Chiberta, near by. There is no English professional at Chiberta; they are all Basques—charming snub-nosed fellows in blue berets. Frankly, they are not very good golfers. Major Hinds, who was the Secretary last year, and, presumably, still is, can beat the heads off all the assistant professionals when he is on his game.

BEFORE the exodus last week, Deauville could congratulate itself on being the smartest place in Europe, north of Biarritz and Monte Carlo. Lord Furness was there, Prince Murat, James Hennessy, Simon Guthmann, who recently bought one of the Aga Khan's horses for 150,000 francs, Pierre Wertheimer, Baron Edward and Baron James de Rothschild, the Aga Khan and his son, R. B. Strassburger, Kingsley Macomber, whose wife and son were in Munich, Princess Faucigny-Lucinge, and Mr. Richard McCreery, who has been buying a couple of very expensive two-year-olds, were all to be seen at the races.

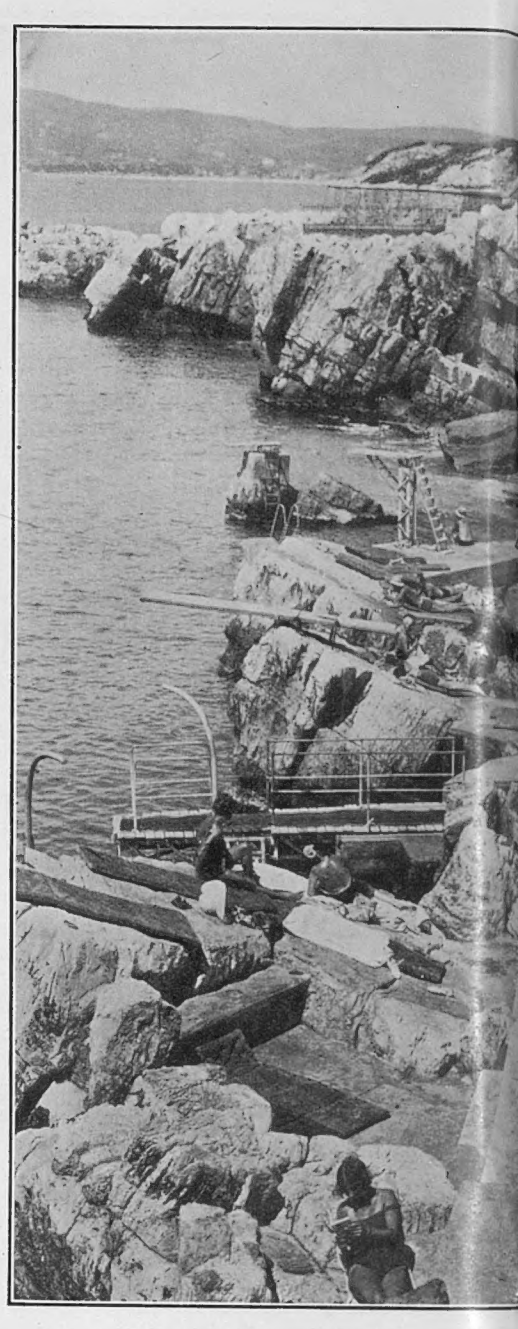
HAVING no drag hunt like its bitter rival Le Touquet, Deauville has been going in for a paper-stag-chase. The "stag," when caught, presents his captor with a rosette. But, then, anything can happen at Deauville. Did not André say to me once, with a charming laugh: "My patrons—why, of course, they are all fools—but why not? They *wish* to be fools on their holidays. That is what holidays are for."

LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON, whose private affairs have been such public property during the last few weeks, has gone to Scotland, which has also claimed Lady Ellesmere. Other departures include that of Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lady Katherine McNeile, and the Dowager Lady Radnor for Malta; while among those who have returned to England are Lady Evelyn Giffard and her husband, who have been taking the cure at Marienbad.

MME. CARUSO, THE WIDOW OF THE FAMOUS SINGER



LORD DONEGALL and MISS CELIA PALMER



A view of Eden Roc, Antibes, where sea and sun combine to winter. On these two pages are seen some of the many visitor

IT was on the very day that our King George came down to London from Balmoral that King George of Greece was invited north. That reminds me of the existence—in the castle in Hohenschwangau, where the Crown Prince Rupert of Bavaria is staying—of the royal crown and sceptre of King Otto of Greece, who flourished in the middle of last century. Greece has always been a stormy country politically. But I am surprised that the royal crown is not kept in some museum in Athens.

THE CUBBING SEASON OPENS

give a tan which should outlast even a cheerless English to Antibes all busily making the most of the brilliant sunshine

POOR Mr. Baldwin must be getting to know the journey between Aix-les-Bains and London pretty well. It is particularly bad luck for him that his holidays should have been so interrupted, because Aix has been having a particularly good season. The Duke of Marlborough has blossomed out as a host, for example. Mr. Skirmunt, the Polish Ambassador in London, is there, too. Lady Terrington has arrived at the Hôtel Splendide Royale. General Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford have been other English visitors.

LORD HUNTLY had to come all the way back from Aix-les-Bains for the funeral of Lady Lindsey, which took place at Uffington, near Stamford. Lord Exeter, Lady Bandon, and, of course, Lord Lindsey and Lady Muriel Grainger were also there. The same day saw the funerals of Colonel Sherwood Kelly, V.C., the man who tried so often to get killed in the War, and unlike others with the same wish, failed in his intentions.

LADY BRIDGET POULETT (left), MME. DEPENA and MISS BABA REDHEAD

MRS. DOUGLAS RAMSAY, LORD BEAVERBROOK'S SISTER

AN ATTRACTIVE MEXICAN VISITOR, MME. CASSASUS

WITH harvesting operations unusually late and with much of the hay crop still ungathered, it seems remarkably early for cub hunting. But the Quorn country, of course, consists chiefly of grass, and this famous pack opened its cubbing campaign at Munday's Gorse on August 24. Owing to Major A. E. Burnaby's absence from home, Sir Harold Nutting, the joint master, was in sole command. The morning was ideal for covert hunting, and, despite the early hour of 6.30, quite a big field of keen fox-hunting men and women turned up at covert side in the orthodox "rat-catching" kit.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

I forecast the first and second in the Derby: (1) CAMERONIAN, (2) ORPEN. I confidently expected the same two horses to be concerned with the finish of the Doncaster St. Leger next week, but I am reversing the positions, and hope the verdict will be: (1) ORPEN, (2) CAMERONIAN. Orpen has been well backed.

Horses I have named to follow with a level stake keep popping up at nice prices. Here are six more for the book.

KOLINSKY was backed down from 5 to 1 to 11 to 4 at Hurst Park and was close up fourth. This attractive Phalaris colt will pay to follow.

RED POINTER is a likely candidate for a Nursery. Was unlucky at Sandown and at Kempton was passed only in the last few yards.

EVENING GLORY was made a warm favourite for the Yorkshire Oaks (one mile and a half) at York. She was in front entering the straight, but could not hold back an outsider, Rackety Lassie. Support with confidence for future races.

NEBULA beat some smart two-year-olds to finish third to the game Spencer at York. It was a close struggle over the last furlong. Carried good money and should not be neglected.

WAIF should win over six furlongs for Lord Lonsdale. Was third in a field of nineteen at York, and had some good-class sprinters behind her.

RED LETTER DAY at York over a mile and a quarter kept the lead until the last few strides. Made the pace from the start. He should soon earn winning brackets.

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

NORTH of the Tweed, double - owe - o w e - o w e. Hello . . . hello. . . . Cannes speaking. . . . Hello, hello, Baa. . . . How are you, dear? . . . Still North? . . . Yes, I've moved here from Monte Carlo for a day or two. . . . The Brougham and Vauxes are here . . . Valerie looking lovely. . . . She tells me she enjoyed her Scotch visit immensely . . . and apparently the "bags" were good, too. . . . I've been rushing here, there, and everywhere. . . . I do like Phyllis de Janzé; she has such a fascinating face . . . pointed like a heroine in a novel, and huge, mysterious, oval eyes. . . . Did you know that she is an ardent collector of antiques, and devotes lots and lots of her time to searching for them? What's more, she has discovered some wonderful bargains?

Hay Wrightson

MISS SHEILA GREER

Whose marriage to Mr. Anthony Ethelston, the younger son of the late Mr. Edmund Ethelston of Hinton Hall, Whitschurch, Shropshire, will take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on September 10th. She is the eldest daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Greer of Lowndes House, Lowndes Place, S.W.

MISS RUTH SYLVIA GILL

The youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. W. S. Gill of Bielside, Aberdeenshire, whose engagement has been announced to Lord Fermoy. Her fiancé is the Unionist member for King's Lynn

PAULA CASA MAURY is here. . . . She is letting herself tan, which I think is a pity. . . . I loved her white skin. . . . Well, tell me about yourself. . . . Yes. I heard that the Portlands had arrived at Langwell. . . . Caithness is a flat shire, but Langwell is high on a hill . . . looking over the sea. . . . The garden is some way from the house sheltered in a glen . . . and the Duchess, who is an ardent gardener, has the most lovely results. . . . She likes massed effects . . . great "sploshes" of colour. . . . You will like the billiard-room at Langwell, Baa. . . . It has huge oak fireside seats where everyone gathers to chat and knit . . . so cosy. . . . .

* * *

SO you have been over to the Glentanars'. . . . They always have good parties. . . . Who was there? . . . Lina Agar . . . and Anne Lindsay . . . so nice, aren't they? . . . Anne Wellesley told me that she and Mornington were going to Craigendinnie . . . the Dowager Lady Glentanar's lodge. Maidstone is to be there, and his sister, pretty Daphne Finch-Hatton, and heaps of other young things, so it should be great fun. . . . The Dowager Lady Glentanar really has a genius for entertaining enjoyably young people. . . .

* * *

HAZEL LAVERY has returned from Ireland with her husband. She adores that "little bit of heaven," . . . and, needless to say, is very popular there. . . . Maureen Dufferin and Ava has just gone to Clandeboye, also Lord Leitrim and the Butlers . . . so you see the Emerald Isle is very popular this year. . . .

* * *

DID you hear about the lovely lady who returned unexpectedly to the local inn where she was staying to find the entire population admiring her very transparent "undies" . . . shown off by the chambermaid, who had already taken paper patterns of most of them? . .

* * *

OH . . . I forgot to say that Lady Dunsany is at their castle at Drumree. . . . She is looking forward to next month when her only son, Randal Plunkett, returns from India. .

* * *

HARROGATE seems to be full of charming people. . . The Newtons are there . . . the Ganzonis . . . and the Carnarvons . . . Catherine looking as lovely as usual. . . . She and her sister Philippia are as attractive a couple as Sarah Haddington and Marion Minto. . . . Talking of sisters, have you heard of the very odd ménage in Kenya? . . . Well, no one there talks of anything else, and even the black boys blush, I am told!

* * *

I DAREN'T mention clothes, Baa, darling, until this financial cloud clears a little. . . . Even here . . . the richest women hasten to assure you they haven't spent a penny on their wardrobes. . . . One very chic person even showed us how she had "*turned*" last season's pyjamas . . . and added a green belt. The excitement on the beach over the news of the Government's resignation was tremendous. . . . English newspapers were at a premium . . . and perfect strangers asked for the loan of one for a few minutes!!

* * *

ANY more news? . . . Lady Maud Carnegie has been to many dances besides her official engagements. . . . She is nice, isn't she? . . . and awfully popular in the North. . . . Both she and her husband excel at a reel. . . . I must go, Baa. . . My new suit . . . white, with my initials in crimson, is crying out for the sea. My love to you. . . .

This Growing-up Business

Marian Lewis

The Marchioness of Cambridge with her charming six-years-old daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge. The Marchioness, who married in 1923, is a niece of the Earl of Huntingdon

Yevonde

Above is seen Mrs. Robin Grosvenor with her two sturdy kiddies, Hugh and Robina Jill. Her husband, Capt. Robin Grosvenor, M.C., is the son of Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor. On the left, the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Vivian, whose husband is the eldest son and heir of Lord Vivian, introduces her baby daughter, Sally Ann to the camera

Lenare

Mrs. Angus Campbell with her little girls, Judith and Fiona. She is a cousin of Lady Louis Mountbatten and Mrs. Cunningham Reid

Hay Wrightson

AT THE PLAY

A FRIGHTENED LADY and a FEARSOME FARCE

London's latest back-chat artistes, Det. Sergeant Totty, C.I.D (Gordon Harker), and Chief Det Inspector Tanner, C.I.D. (W Cronin Wilson), do a turn at Scotland Yard

SKETCHES OF "THE FRIGHTENED LADY," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

"The Case of the Frightened Lady," at Wyndham's

IT was obvious soon after the second Act started that the lady in the case had every right to be frightened. When you are living at The Prior's Hall at Marks Prior, an antique and desirable residence full of sliding panels, secret passages, and a tense feeling of mystery about it, any girl has a right to be frightened without being accused of nerves, especially when it is added that a chauffeur and a doctor have both been strangled to death within fifty yards of the front door.

THE play starts at Scotland Yard when just one mere murder has been committed, and thither comes young Lord Lebanon, the wealthy owner of Prior's Hall, to hint that he can give quite a lot of information. In fact, he imparts some interesting and derogatory facts about a certain doctor, and says that, if only Inspector Tanner will himself come down to The Prior's Hall, he can tell him a lot more. It is only after he has left that the police learn that this unsavoury doctor has also been strangled with a red cotton scarf.

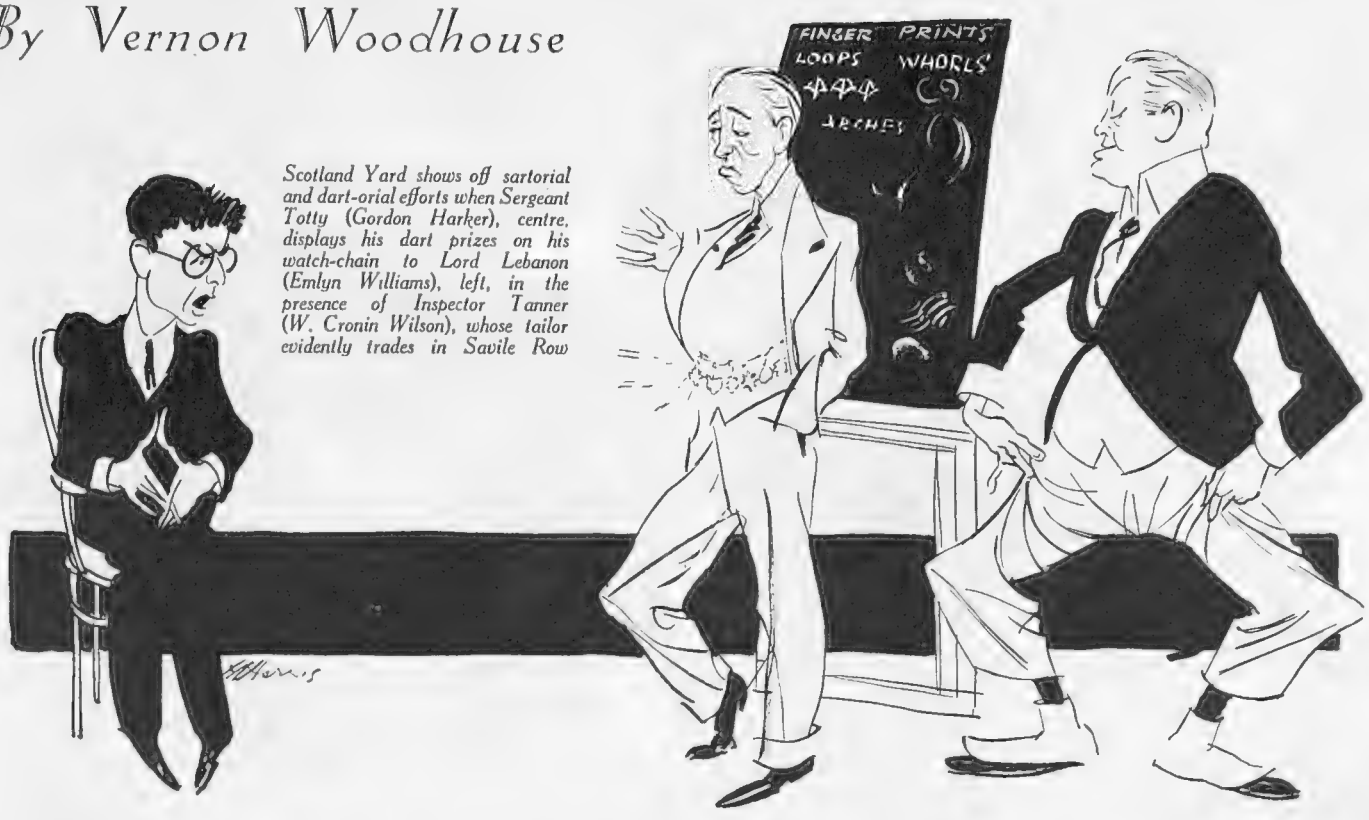
THIS scene at Scotland Yard might lead one to suppose that for a good, hearty laugh it has any other place of entertainment among the also-rans. Far be it from me to pit my knowledge of the Yard against Edgar Wallace's, for the reason that I have only been there once, and then I didn't find my umbrella; but if many detectives possess the fascinating back-chat of Mr. Totty, of the C.I.D., and can be hit back with such neatness and despatch by the retorts of Inspector Tanner, I think every visitor there should help to balance the Budget by paying entertainment tax.

WHEN the forces of Law and Order descend upon The Prior's Hall they find a most peculiar household. Lord Lebanon, for instance, appears a weakling who cannot call his soul his own. Lady Lebanon rules the house, and is engineering a match between her son and the "frightened lady," Isla. Madly keen on the ancient family continuing, she suggests to the girl she has chosen for a daughter-in-law that it would be no bad thing for her to take a more virile lover after marriage, especially as Lord Lebanon really rather dislikes her.

Strange footmen! Gilder (Percy Parsons) left, and Brooks (Finlay Currie) right, attend on Lady Lebanon (Cathleen Nesbitt), full of pride of race and knowledge of heraldry

THE police do not overhear this intimate little chat, but, among other queer things, they find on the premises two American footmen (one of whom is always chewing gum!), who assuredly help to excite suspicion. But suspicion is everywhere until the very end, before which it is obvious that another murder is being attempted, and it says much for the skill of the dramatist that one of the most interesting scenes in the play occurs after the

By Vernon Woodhouse



Scotland Yard shows off sartorial and dart-orial efforts when Sergeant Totty (Gordon Harker), centre, displays his dart prizes on his watch-chain to Lord Lebanon (Emlyn Williams), left, in the presence of Inspector Tanner (W. Cronin Wilson), whose tailor evidently trades in Savile Row

audience learns who did the dirty deeds. A difficult feat of construction.

S

I THINK one of the best tests of a thriller is, after having seen it, to go over the story backwards to discover if the author has played fair. In *The Case of the Frightened Lady* Edgar Wallace has assuredly done so. Had one been 'cute enough to follow the clues, as Inspector Tanner did, one could place one's hands on the criminal, but I doubt if many in an audience are as clever as he.

S

THIS play is perfectly cast and perfectly acted. The frightened lady, as played by Joyce Kennedy, makes her fears infectious. Cathleen Nesbitt, as Lady Lebanon, full of pride of race, gives a memorable performance. Percy Parsons and Finlay Currie, as the two American footmen, impart just the right tone; while an uncanny character study of a weakling lord is given by Emlyn Williams. As for the detectives of W. Cronin Wilson and Gordon Harker, they are a sheer delight. Though somewhat too highly coloured by the author as compared with the rest of the characters, Gordon Harker's Sergeant Totty is a masterpiece of humour, to obtain the full flavour of whom one should watch, not only when he speaks, but when he is silent.

S

I THINK, in many ways, that *The Case of the Frightened Lady* is one of the best plays Edgar Wallace has ever written. Some playgoers may plump for *On the Spot*, others for the raciness, in every sense, of *The Calendar*, but my vote goes to Edgar Wallace's latest.

Scotland Yard gets a shock in the persons of Sergeant Ferraby (Harold Warrender), Sergeant Totty (Gordon Harker), and Inspector Tanner (W. Cronin Wilson) when "the frightened lady," Isla (Joyce Kennedy), in her great sleep-walking scene, helps to find a clue to the perpetrator of two messy murders

"Midnight Love" at the Savoy

THE ways of theatrical managements are inscrutable. A syndicate described as S. G., Ltd., presented *Midnight Love*, by Sydney Horler, at the Savoy Theatre last week, with, I suppose, the idea that it would amuse the public. It didn't; for *Midnight Love* is a dreary, tasteless business.

S

I WILL not describe the plot, for it is one which, with variations, has been used time and again. But, it may be suggested, an old plot is not necessarily a bad thing, provided there are amusing characters and witty dialogue to dress the old bones. At the Savoy Theatre in this depressing play the characterisation is as feeble as the wit. The author's idea of a bright line seems to be for someone to call a deanery a creamery, mix up Genesis with Guinness, and, instead of saying "a strange woman's flat," to call it a "flat woman's strange." In a play such as this not the most competent of casts can be expected to make any impression except that of boredom, so comment on the acting can be mercifully withheld. V. W.

PERSONALITIES PICTURED IN OUTDOOR EVENTS

The top left-hand photograph might suggest that the Highlander is posing for a statue of Winged Victory or even the Flying Scotsman, but in fact, he has merely been caught in the act of putting the shot at the Lochaber Highland Games. Above are seen Mr. E. E. Malcolm Graves Stewart with the Cameron of Lochiel at the same games which took place recently at Fort William

Above, Mrs. L. Fenwick pinning the rosette to her hunter, Carlow, after winning first prize in the Hunter Class for Mares and Geldings not less than fourteen stone at the Banbury Horse Show

Right, a photograph taken at the Irish Water Spaniel Association's Field Trials on Rainscar Moor, near Settle in Yorkshire. Major B. D. Court-Treatt is seen with "Lyddite Joy," the winner of both the Novice and the Open Stakes

BY WILL OWEN

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY!

"I ain't never been kissed!"

if Sossip we must

THE most sensational political crisis in recent history has come and gone. All that remains is for the National Government to act up to its name in the interests of the whole nation and not of one part of it only.

I do not claim a monopoly of accuracy in political prophecy, but I cannot refrain from pointing out, with due modesty, that for many weeks past I have declared that a National Government, although not in itself and in normal times a desirable thing, was the only way of carrying out a policy of economy. For the chief plank in the economy platform must be the cutting down of dole extravagance. So demoralised has the electorate become through being dosed with vote-catching bribes that no single party could face the unpopularity inevitably resulting from whittling down what the Socialists call "the social services."

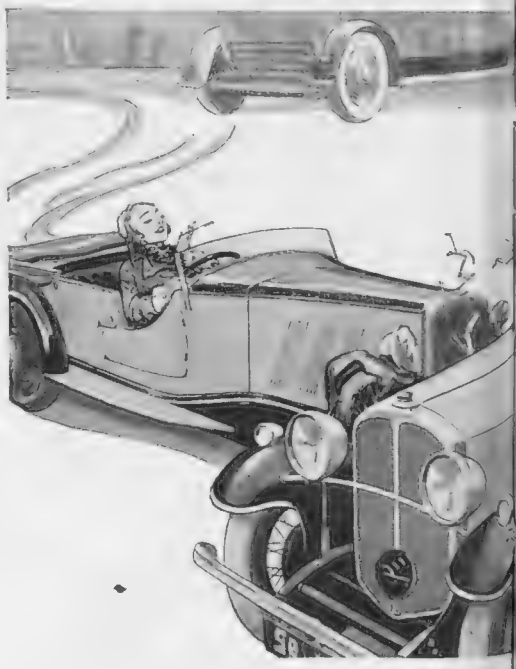
A JUBILEE PERFORMANCE

Joseph Coyne lighting the candles on his "birthday" cake at the party he gave on the stage of the Vaudeville Theatre, in celebration of the completion of his fiftieth year as an actor. Some of the members of the cast of "Apron Strings," in which he is now playing, are seen with their host, who first came to this country from America in 1901, to play in "The Girl From Up There" at the Duke of York's Theatre

Mme. Danilova, the première danseuse in the very successful "Waltzes from Vienna," at the Alhambra. The dancing of the corps de ballet, under her leadership, is charming

NO one wants less money to be spent on education or the lot of the unemployed, most of whom would sooner have work than the dole, to be made more difficult. But the coat must be cut according to the cloth.

ALL three parties have emerged from the turmoil of that famous chill and cloudy week-end with some degree of credit. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has had an intensely difficult job. He was never a particularly strong Trades Union man, but, being in a quandary, was compelled at first to pay what most people considered to be an unnecessary amount of attention to the T.U.C. Later he seems to have asserted himself, and to have refused to occupy, as Prime Minister, the humiliating and

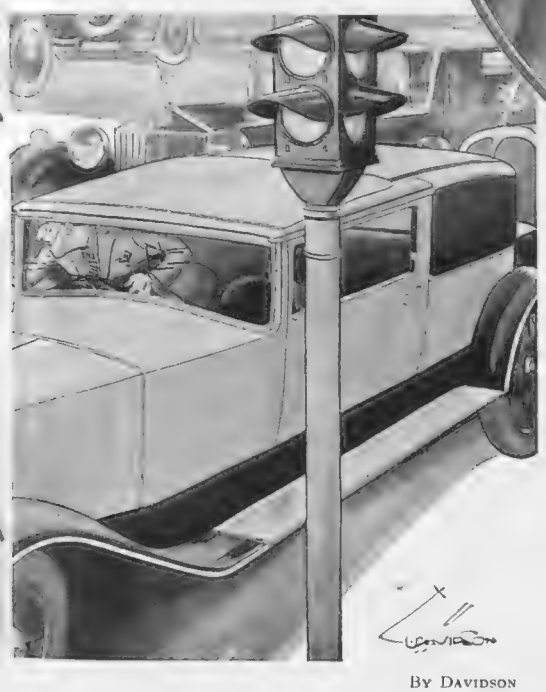


"Confound it, madam, you deliberately waited until the
"Well, you see I'm so superstitious about green!"

unconstitutional position of having his policy dictated by a body of men who are outside any political party and over whom the electorate has no control.

SUPPOSE the Cabinet had not resigned but had merely done what the T.U.C. had told them to do. That would have been sheer revolution—bloodless, but revolution none the less. This country is governed by the King in Parliament. It is not governed, and, please God, never will be governed, by a small body of men representing various trades and solely concerned with material questions of wages. The T.U.C. are important, and so are wages. But the T.U.C. are not national, represent only a portion of the nation (for there are more non-Trades Unionists than Trades Unionists in the country), and are certainly not patriotic.

MORE than once their action has been the reverse of patriotic. They tried (and nearly succeeded) to throw England into the horrors of revolution at the time of the General Strike in 1926. They have met during the last fortnight demands for economy by declaring not only that the dole must not be cut, but that it must be increased. One of their big men has even said "We are ready to fight"—i.e., he was ready to plunge his followers into some imbecile strike at a moment when it is vitally necessary for us to economise, to pull our finances together, and to show a good face to other nations if our credit is not to go phut.



By Davidson

"green light changed to red and then dashed across the road"

THE erstwhile Government organ, *The Daily Herald*, "feels its position acutely," as they say of well-dressed prisoners in the dock. But the formation of the National Government found it the next morning as Pecksniffian as ever in its lament at the departure from the fold of Mr. MacDonald and his faithful henchmen—to do the business of the country! To the other ex-Ministers, who put

TWINS ON THE STAGE

Above are the Blackburn sisters, who are not only twins in real life, but play the part of twins in "Waltzes from Vienna" at the Alhambra. On the left are Cora and Dora, the twins in "The Midshipmaid" at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Their relationship extends no farther than the theatre, however, for in real life they are Marjorie Playfair and Kathleen Kelly

FACE VALUES

A correspondent in a daily paper bewails the fact that many women nowadays seem to prefer the ugly and "tough"-looking actor to the handsome matinée-idol type so popular in pre-war days

BEFORE the Talkies raised a voice
That carried from the U.S.A.
The flappers of a day long dead,
With hearts that madly fluttered sped
To Town to "do" a matinee,
For certainly it was the lassies
Who helped support the Idol classes.

George Alexander's evening dress,
So perfect in its cut and fit,
Was voted by the girls to be
Just perfect to the nth degree.
And how they loved to gaze on it
When the St James's handsome hero
Looked smart as any new Pin(ero)

A Beerbohm trio of those days,
Who never failed to fill the bill,
Were Gerald Lawrence Godfrey Tearle
Who set each female heart awhirl,
And golden-voiced young Basil Gill,
For women then were such sweet creatures,
They saw their fate in classic features

Though girls in Nineteen Thirty-one
Are said to like guys tough and plain,
I think that if they were to meet
A dashing actor, tall and neat,
They'd soon revert to type again,
For if a tête à tête may follow,
Your Caliban can't touch Apollo!

B W

party before patriotism, they declare that they and "The Movement" owe "a deep debt of gratitude." And so there is talk in its pages of "providing a virile opposition."

Opposition to what? To a Government made up of men of all parties, formed after consultation with His Majesty the King (who risked ill-health by an all-night journey from Scotland) in order to carry on the work of the nation at a period of unprecedented gravity. One might just as well have talked of "providing a virile opposition" to Haig and his Generals in March, 1918.

To turn from grave to gay. On the evening of that momentous Monday I went to the Palladium. It was good to be back in England in the walls of a London theatre. I say that advisedly, for elsewhere in London one is apt to find more of Germany and of America than of England.

Variety must be cosmopolitan. But it was a joy to find, for once in a way, a programme at the Palladium in which there was not a single foreign turn. Those "old-timers," as the performers who were famous a generation ago are termed, are not by a long chalk museum curiosities. They are as full of vim as ever. Gus Elen was singing "'E dunno where 'e are" as inimitably as he did five-and-twenty years ago. Vesta Victoria—a little plumper, perhaps, but full of charm and personality still — sang "Waiting at the Church," but not, alas! "It's alright in the summer-time." Harry Champion, a little breathless when he danced but otherwise in tremendous form, gave us "The end o' my old cigar," and Fred Russell, than whom no better ventriloquist ever lived, was equally up-and-doing.

Miss Winifred Shotter and Mr. Ralph Lynn, the stars of the latest Aldwych Theatre success, "Turkey Time," at the special meeting held at the White City Greyhound Track in aid of the Newspaper Press Fund. Ralph Lynn is presenting the cup to the owner of Real Blue Vinney, the winner of one of the races

MISS MAGGIE TEYTE

The famous actress and operatic vocalist, a reference to whom appears on the following page

By Wilson Fenning

THE RED FLAG

Passer-by (to Rear-Admiral Sir Peregrine Cheyne-Shott): "'Oldin' a meetin', comride?"

And what fine old tunes they sang! Poor old Joe Tabrar, who composed so many of them, had died only a couple of days previously—rather hard-up, I fear, for the influx of songs about Dixie and honeys and wanna-go-home-to-Tennessee had made things difficult for a long time.

Not only are the melodies of these old songs first-rate in their way, the words are always pointed and sensible. They are homely words, of course; subtle wit would be out-of-place in a music-hall ditty. But they stick in the memory. I am glad to know that one of the lyric writers of the long ago is still living, in the person of that vigorous octogenarian Mr. Fred Bowyer, who wrote, among a vast amount of similar stuff, "Up I came with my little lot."

These songs and their singers bring back a touch of a London of bearded policemen; of Guardsmen in pill-box hats; of gas-lamps and hansom-cabs and balloon sleeves. But it was a more English London, and, in my opinion, a more pleasant London. And the Income Tax was only—but what's the use of sighing about that?

What I like about him, however, is that when questioned by the magistrates as to the dole he replied that he wouldn't touch it on any account, and preferred to scrape up what living he could without it. To have rewarded that spirit, which, heaven knows, is rare enough, with a dose of clink, is hardly an encouragement to other people who might prefer to try to live precariously on the result of their own labours rather than live in comparative ease on the result of other people's. I can only suppose that the Bournemouth beaks were so flabbergasted at being confronted by a man who did not want something for nothing that they lost their heads and locked him up for a bit as a dangerous curiosity.

THERE is one man—he has just been to prison—whom I should like to shake by the hand. He is the ship's cook who, at Bournemouth, was sentenced to seven days for begging. That was the charge, but as he had made some chalk drawings, and was sitting beside them, I hardly see how he came to be considered guilty—unless every pavement artist in the country is equally culpable.

THROUGH the mistake of a photographic agency, a picture which we published recently was described as that of Mr. and Mrs. Cottingham. It happens, however, that the lady next Mr. Cottingham in that group of friends was not Mrs. Cottingham. Profound apologies. The error is the more inexcusable in that Mrs. Cottingham is a very well-known person—that exquisite singer Miss Maggie Teyte, whose features are so familiar to the majority of lovers of music.

Jack Hylton, the famous dance orchestra leader, in a new number which might well be called "Smiling in the Sunshine." He is seen at Biarritz, where he has been staying recently

Marton Selten (left), Owen Nares and Allan Aynesworth in a scene from "Counsel's Opinion." This play was produced at the Strand Theatre last week and will probably be in residence for some considerable time

MISS TEYTE was singing at Covent Garden in 1930—her Melisande in *Pelleas and Melisande* is world-famous—having emerged from her retirement in order to do so. She is now busy broadcasting, but not, I trust, too busy to appear in opera again from time to time, and I hope we may hear her in the forthcoming season of British opera at Covent Garden. For Miss Teyte, though she has resided for some considerable time in Paris, and was coached for Melisande by Debussy himself, is as British as British can be, and was born in Wolverhampton. Woolley Grange, her place near Maidenhead, is, I remember, a gorgeous spot, where she keeps herself fit by playing Badminton.

Paris is Faithful to Short

Maggy Rouff has created this unusual coat, levying a toll on grey breitschwantz for its fashioning. The rolled collar, long revers, and cuffs are of otter, a fur that last season suffered an eclipse; it is now in the limelight

The Parisian dressmakers regard fur as a valuable ally, especially the short-haired pelts. Leopardskin, deerskin, panther, dyed breitschwantz, and astrachan all have their rôles to play; they blend with the materials. For instance, leopardskin is in complete harmony with beige. There are lovely muffs made of fur, some being cleverly combined with bags. By the way, fox stoles, especially black and silver, are very important; of course, they may be converted into collars of the Medici and other genres. A striking tailleur has a short coat finished with a band of astrachan, the upper edge scalloped; the collar stands well away from the face, the ends loosely knotted to form a cravat bow. When ponyskin and deerskin are used they are arranged in bands, which more often than not are stitched with silk. Inner cuffs are a novelty; they fit the wrists tightly, and as a consequence act as a diminishing glass to the hands. Gauntlet gloves are seen in conjunction with them.

Many of the dresses in the Parisian collections are influenced by the Directoire and Premier Empire styles, but they are so modernised that the line of Spring, 1931, remains. In Vionnet's collection the waist is moulded from the hips to close below the bust, whereas in the 1800-1815 period the waist was high and started just below the bust, the fullness beginning there. Generally speaking, the dresses are ankle-length, some being rather shorter in front than at the back. Patou is endeavouring to create a vogue for brown.

From Mainbocher comes this smart tailleur; it is carried out in a new autumn wool fabric. The bolero and muff are of that modish pelt leopard's skin

COATS AND FUR TRIMMINGS

Although Worth makes a feature of the Mid-Victorian fashions, he also believes in the development of the modes of the spring of 1931. This lovely evening dress is expressed in a delicate shade of rose pink satin. The mousseline scarf trimmed with fur forms a sleeve on one side only, the other is destined to be draped over the shoulders or round the figure

THE STRANGE CASE of MRS. HUBERT-HERBERT

The scene is the consulting room of the famous Harley Street psychologist, Dr. Wotte. On the wall is a Watteau, but it is of no significance. A patient has just entered. She is Mrs. Hubert-Herbert, well-known woman about town and Society Hostess.

MRS. HUBERT-HERBERT: I don't quite know when it began, Doctor, but it must have been somewhere around the night I reached over and stole a strawberry off the Duke of Marlborough's plate. Maybe you read of it in the newspapers.

DR. WOTTE: I did. It distressed me, though its pathogeny interested me greatly, greatly.

MRS. HUBERT-HERBERT: I'm glad of that. It makes it so much easier to tell things when you feel a doctor's interested, doesn't it? I remember when I was going to have my——

DR. WOTTE: Shall we go back to the strawberries?

MRS. HUBERT-HERBERT: Yes. It was then I started this wanting. Wanting this, wanting that, always wanting what I hadn't got.

DR. WOTTE: You mean you want what you want when you're not in want?

MRS. HUBERT-HERBERT: Yes, I mean what I want and when I want it.

DR. WOTTE: I see. You mean, what is wanted you want when wanted elsewhere?

MRS. HUBERT-HERBERT: Yes, I mean I want out loud instead of keeping it to myself. Like indigestion, I can't keep my wants down.

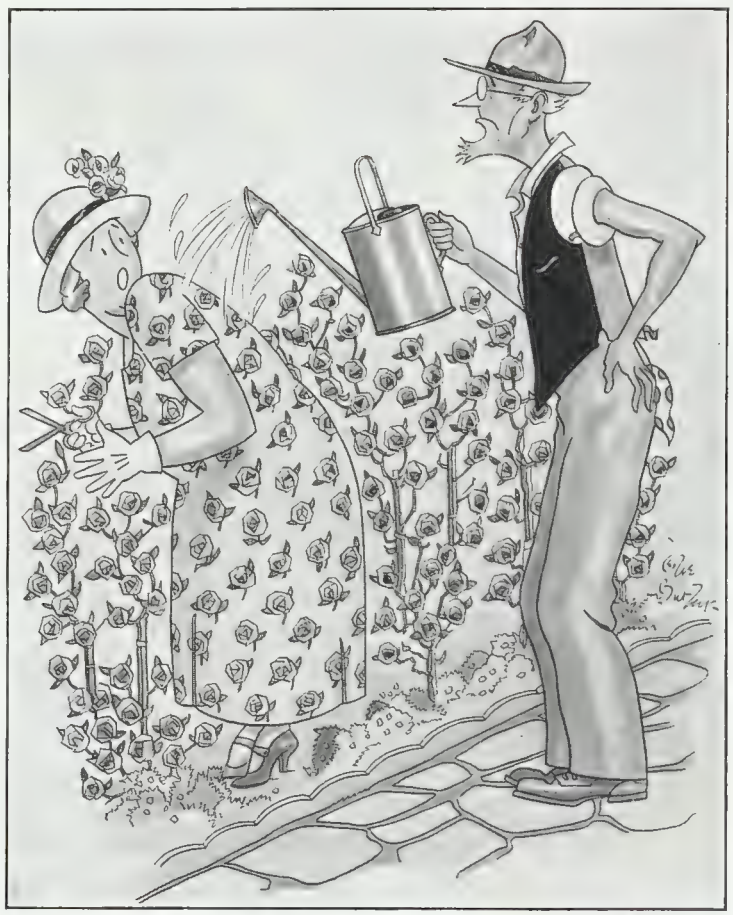
DR. WOTTE: I see, an aggravated possessive exterior, we call it. Pray continue—er—Mrs. Hubert—er—Herbert.

MRS. HUBERT-HERBERT: Well, one night after the strawberry affair, I was talking to Noel Coward and suddenly I felt an uncontrollable desire to say to him: "I wish you were Shakespeare." Of course, he was awfully nice about it. He said: "I am, but we aren't telling anybody just yet." I feel sure he knew I couldn't help it.

DR. WOTTE: We call it the provocative seventh.

MRS. HUBERT-HERBERT: It does sound nicer, I must say. But it didn't stop with Noel, I went up to Barbara Back, who's just begun writing, and I said: "But you're so beautiful, why not leave the rest to the imagination?" And then to Sir Joseph Duveen: "You've done everything for the Old Masters of the world, why not start something for the Old Mistresses?" Well, you know, Doctor, you just can't say things like that, however much you want to.

DR. WOTTE: It's the hyperæsthetic interrogative.



BY LESLIE BUTLER

"AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL?"

An unfortunate lapse of a short-sighted gardener

MRS. HUBERT-HERBERT: It's quite likely because I ask the most dreadful questions. Only the other night I saw Florence de Pena with a new bracelet and I rushed up and said: "Darling, where did you get it?" She was awfully sweet and laughed it off with a "Oh, the usual place." But it's dreadful, Doctor, because my friends are getting afraid of me. Why, I started up and began undoing Muriel Abrahams' frock because I wanted to be wearing it. I even asked a girl the other day, "When did you last see your husband?" It was when she said, "After you'd finished with him," that I knew I was really ill.

DR. WOTTE: No doubt you experience difficulty with people in conversation, too.

MRS. HUBERT-HERBERT: Oh, I do, Doctor, I do. When I'm talking to Barbara Cartland I want to be talking to Irene Dunn, and when it's Sylvia Ashley I want it to be Doris Castlerosse. It's the same with books, when I'm reading the Sitwells I want it to be the Wolfes, and when it's the *Tatler* I want THE BYSTANDER, and when it's *Vogue* I want the *Boulevardier*. I've lost control, Doctor.

DR. WOTTE: How is your husband taking all this?

MRS. HUBERT-HERBERT: He's wonderful, Doctor. D'you know, three times last week I left my bath to call up the Police to get them to remove him. Of course, Bertie's awfully understanding and he likes me to be modern, but to be torn out of bed by detectives as if he were a burglar is really asking too much, don't you think?

DR. WOTTE: The symptoms are those of acute phrenoplegia.

MRS. HUBERT-HERBERT: Please write it down, will you, Doctor, so I can remember it for lunch.

DR. WOTTE: You are suffering from an exacerbated condition of the optative. In short, cerebral esurience.

MRS. HUBERT-HERBERT: Oh, Doctor, I hope it's not infectious, because I'm lunching with the Beatons. And there are so many of them.

DR. WOTTE: To counteract this you must do nothing that you want to do. You must do the reverse of what you want to do. Your actions must be a direct contradiction to your desires. Like that we can attempt some cure. You understand?

MRS. HUBERT-HERBERT: Yes, Doctor.

DR. WOTTE: Now, relax, please. Just let your mind float, as it were. Now imagine yourself shipwrecked on a desert island, lost to the world. Suddenly, a man appears in a boat. He says he will rescue you. But on one condition and one condition only. Now, quick, what do you do? Quickly, answer, what do you do?

MRS. HUBERT-HERBERT: Why, why, Doctor, I—I—Why, Doctor, how dare you! I shall slap your face!

DR. WOTTE: Excellent, excellent! I couldn't have hoped for a better contradiction. That will be ten guineas, if you please, and when may I expect you for the next treatment?

RICHARD VINER.

By E. HARDING

THE RANDOM SHOT

"THE N

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

EW SARI"

Why be vague? Ask for—

Haig

no finer whisky goes into any bottle

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE TOP OF A WAVE

by PHYLLIS BOTTOME

MR. and Mrs. Sterling were middle-aged, childless people, very fond of youth, and quite satisfied to watch it upsetting things in the distance.

They lived on the slope of a Tyrolese mountain, so that their nephew, Gilbert Montague, liked to spend his Christmas holidays with them. He could ski all day and dance half the night, and take his meals out whenever he liked.

He called this "staying" with his uncle and aunt; and they called it that, too.

It was a comfortable relationship.

They meant to leave him all their money and their châlet when they died; and as they were well over forty Gilbert thought they would die quite soon, though he was very fond of them and had no wish to hurry them about it.

Still, in spite of their being so attached to youth they felt a little startled when Mrs. Sterling read out loud at breakfast a letter from her old school friend, Annie Etherington, asking them to take her only child Veronica for the Christmas holidays. With every good Christmas and New Year wish, Annie Etherington was affectionately her dear Marion's, and Veronica would travel out with friends on the 20th of December, unless they heard to the contrary.

"You see," Mrs. Sterling said doubtfully, "of course she knows we've got this large house, so that I don't see how we can quite say we *won't* take Veronica. One always found oneself doing little things like that for Annie at school. She was one of those tall, willowy girls who never carry their own parcels.

"And I've not even *seen* Veronica!

"I shouldn't really mind if Gilbert were not so apt to snap at love affairs; and *nothing* seems left of them afterwards!"

"If nothing *were* left of them I shouldn't mind at all," replied her husband, placidly smoking his after-breakfast pipe in a room full of icy sunshine. "It's his laying the poor mauled things at our feet when he's finished snapping at them that I really object to!"

"If Veronica is at all like Annie," Mrs. Sterling said thoughtfully, "she'll do her fair share of the mauling!"

However, when Veronica turned up it appeared that she was much more like her father, who was stout and very fond of fishing.

Veronica was a broad-shouldered, rather clumsy girl, with a kind, open-hearted face. She looked as if she had been born in a tweed coat and skirt, quite ready to run her mother's errands.

GILBERT travelled out from England on the same day as Veronica, even in the same carriage from Boulogne. He had smoked in the corridor most of the time, and so they had not noticed each other; at least, Gilbert had not noticed Veronica. It turned out afterwards that Veronica *had* noticed Gilbert. He was six foot tall, and had much more of a waist than Veronica, and splendid eyelashes.

"These Greek gods shouldn't be allowed to go about loose!" Mr. Sterling complained to his wife; "not, at any rate, in small Tyrolese valleys."

At first everything went quite smoothly. Veronica practised tirelessly on the nursery slopes, and passed her second test triumphantly at the end of a fortnight; and Gilbert was entirely absorbed in an ex-film star who was staying at the Grand Hotel. This lady was knee-deep in cosmetics, and spent most of her time being photographed on skis, in every perfectly flat spot which the village contained. Mrs. Sterling privately believed that the difference between her own age and that of the ex-film star's could have been reckoned by months; but both the Sterlings knew that Gilbert was perfectly safe.

What the ex-film star wanted was money; and sooner or later she would find out that Gilbert hadn't got any.

One day she vanished without leaving an address behind her. Her letters were not to be forwarded; nor were her bills. Perhaps she wanted to go back to the films; perhaps she had discovered Gilbert's insolvency; perhaps she had merely used up all the flat spots in the valley which were suitable for photographs.

Gilbert was in a frightful state. He had always agreed with the poet that it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. But hitherto Gilbert had always loved first and done his losing afterwards.

To lose Dolores while he was still loving her was quite another pair of shoes! It almost looked as if she had grown tired of Gilbert before Gilbert had grown tired of her. And yet he always took such a short time to grow tired of a woman! As soon as she began to adore Gilbert as much as he wanted to be adored the game was up.

BUT Dolores Schutz, although she had called him "darling" as soon as she had called him anything, and kissed him with the ease and frequency with which she powdered her nose, had never really seemed to be kissing anybody but herself.

When Gilbert had come late for an appointment he had always found that some other man had turned up sooner. Nor had that wonderful, but usually final, moment dawned when the world was well lost because Gilbert had an inclination to mislay it. Gilbert's heart felt as flat as the flattest part of the valley; nor did he notice for a day or two that there had been a first-rate snowfall, and that Veronica skied like a bird.

"Good, *hard* exercise is what I want!" Gilbert explained to his aunt, with the gloomy ferocity of the broken-hearted.

He was rather annoyed when she said: "Yes, dear, I expect it is!" But when he went out to wax his skis, he discovered Veronica in the hall.

It was rather a convenience that Veronica never had to be fetched when Gilbert wanted to ski with her. Nor could anyone imagine Veronica having her photograph taken except in groups and on the tops of mountains. Her skis were always ready waxed; she carried them up the steepest slopes on her own shoulders. Gilbert found that food was prepared and

Illustrated by J. NICHOLSON

(All rights strictly reserved.)

neatly packed in ruck-sacks for these expeditions, and cost him nothing. This was a good thing, because Gilbert had spent what little he had on Dolores Schutz's cocktails.

Veronica had bright eyes; the colour in her cheeks was fresh and nothing ever happened to it in a snowstorm.

At first Gilbert did not notice much about Veronica, except the rhythm of her stride. Still, it was a relief to go about with a girl who supplied her own needs and never asked him for anything.

"He finds it a pleasant change," Mrs. Sterling explained, a little uneasily, to her husband; "but it is a pity Veronica is so nice!"

Unfortunately, both Mr. and Mrs. Sterling had grown very fond of Veronica. She seemed to think that middle-aged people were human, and liked occasional companionship. She was one of those girls with whom it is not easy to talk for more than a few minutes at a time, but with whom it is perfectly easy to live all one's life.

And now she was going to be made very unhappy, and there was nothing whatever which the Sterlings could do to prevent it. The stages to her doom were too pleasant to be avoided, and only the Sterlings were aware of the havoc to which they inevitably led.

GILBERT no longer showed the same desire to preserve his freedom from the dangers of domesticity. He constantly met Veronica in the passage outside his door, and he sometimes came in for tea.

Veronica began to look much more attractive. She dressed better than usual. She could not, of course, do anything about her shoulders, but she could, and did, keep her hair waved. A glow, finer than the glow of health, made her complexion, which was naturally good, almost brilliant, and getting a little thinner suited her.

Veronica's steps, which were usually too heavy, became as light as if she walked on air; and she carried her head differently, as if it were worth while to keep her strong chin lifted.

"Of course, it *is* Gilbert?" Mr. Sterling asked his wife, as they stood on a balcony overlooking their orchard.

Veronica was waiting for Gilbert at the orchard gate. She was dressed in workmanlike dark ski trousers, and her hair looked brighter under the dark boughs of the bare cherry trees than Mr. Sterling had thought it was. Her eyes were the colour of the sky which showed between the branches. "They can't have *got* blue!" Mr. Sterling added aloud; "and yet I didn't notice they had much colour to them when she first came."

"I'm afraid it's *mostly* Gilbert!" sighed his wife, "though she was never what I should call *really* plain. You know what I mean: there was something that could be done with her face——! She oughtn't to be there first. But she always is. It's intolerable how he keeps her waiting!"

"Still, she manages to look tougher and less love-lorn than most of them do," said Mr. Sterling hopefully.

"I think she'll keep her head, don't you? I mean she won't do her pining out loud, or drip her bleeding heart all over the place, like that awful one did last year, till the whole place was like a shambles!"

"No, she won't make any kind of a *mess*," agreed Mrs. Sterling reluctantly. "It'll just burrow in, like those abscesses which end fatally. The worst of it is that she would make him such a perfectly good wife—if only he had the sense to see it!"

Mrs. Sterling broke off abruptly. Gilbert came out of the house and stood just beneath the balcony. His figure looked ruinously light and slim beside the irreparable stockiness of Veronica's.

VERONICA did the best she could; she neither reproached nor over-welcomed Gilbert; but as he swung past her, opening the gate and gliding off down the slope, her face lit into sudden beauty. It was a pity that Gilbert could not see the swift swallow turn she made to follow him.

Veronica skied better than Gilbert, but she always let him take the lead.

When Gilbert gave up going to the village café in the evenings and stayed at home to play bridge, the Sterlings became almost hopeful. Gilbert's charming eyes were so full of fun and admiration, his chaff so spontaneous and kindly, his rather absorbed manner so much more respectful and less grasping than they had noticed it on former occasions. Veronica, too, met all his advances with dignity and without evasion; and she made none of her own. She looked better in evening dress than they had thought possible.

"After all, this time he *may* be serious," Mr. Sterling said one night when they had gone to bed. "I suppose you lent her those green jade things on purpose? What made you think ear-rings would suit her?"

"They do, don't they?" replied his wife complacently. "As a matter of fact, you know, she *has* the head of a Romney, if only she were a trifle less massive about the jaw. Long ear-rings take off from that."

"Well, don't *give* them to her," Mr. Sterling murmured sleepily; "they cost more than I could afford, and they rather suit you, even if your jaw isn't massive!"

Mrs. Sterling kissed Mr. Sterling's ear, which happened

"Veronica began to look

to be handy, and said: "Nonsense, darling! Of course I won't, when *you* gave them to me!"

The next day Gilbert told them that there was to be a Fancy Dress Ball at the Kurhaus; and he would take Veronica. His aunt must think out suitable costumes at once, and supply them.

Mrs. Sterling knew instinctively that Gilbert would look well as a Cossack. He could wear his uncle's fishing boots and fill a crimson cummerbund with silver fish-knives. A fur cap Mrs. Sterling had worn years ago, and an old black astrachan cape, would be just right.

Not even in the palmiest days of Tsardom had anybody looked a handsomer or more inhuman Cossack than Gilbert; and Veronica appeared positively picturesque as a Russian gipsy.

Mrs. Sterling ransacked cupboards for Veronica, tore clothes not yet old to pieces, and bought her quantities of coloured wooden beads. Mr. Sterling simply wouldn't have known Veronica when his wife had finished with her. It wasn't only that Veronica's eyes looked twice as large under her darkened brows, nor even that her reddened lips had become vivid and provocative; it seemed as if being a Russian gipsy had turned Veronica into a woman. She had not been a woman before, only an exceptionally nice human being.

uch more attractive"

On the night of the dance there was something in her eyes newborn and a little wild. She reminded Mr. Sterling of a young bird on an autumn day, when the first vision of a flight to the South seizes him, and he turns his swift wings this way and that, restless to try his fate across an unknown sea.

As for Gilbert, when he had quite finished making up his own face in his aunt's best mirror, and had decided once and for all whether Cossacks ought to have long, curled moustaches or short, crisp upper-lip ones, he remembered to look at Veronica.

"Why——!" he stammered in astonishment. "My God, Veronica! you're simply marvellous!"

Veronica did not say anything, but her eyelids fluttered, and she looked quickly away from Gilbert.

Mrs. Sterling's heart sank. For if Gilbert saw Veronica's eyelids flutter (and this was not the kind of thing which escaped him) he would know that Veronica was caught.

Veronica was not the kind of girl to flutter for fun; and when she found she couldn't stop fluttering she walked out of the room.

It was a star-lit night and freezing hard. The trees in the orchard, clothed in icy armour, sparkled up at the cold glancing moon.

The Sterlings stood at the door to see the young people off to the dance. They were not going themselves, because they knew Gilbert would prefer not to be seen enjoying himself by his elders; and, besides, they couldn't quite bear to see Veronica looking so insecurely happy. They stood for a moment in the open doorway, listening to Gilbert's and Veronica's merry voices floating across the ice-gripped field. Veronica's laugh was the last sound they heard.

Mrs. Sterling murmured: "Let me not see the death of the child!" and Mr. Sterling said "Damn!" and then pretended that he had caught his finger in the door.

The child was dead next morning. They knew it when they read a scrawled message on Gilbert's door to say he would not be down before lunch, and found Veronica at the breakfast table.

She explained that she had come back quite early, and that Gilbert had stayed on. It was quite all right, because the Carstairs had seen her home. There was a marvellously pretty Russian girl at the dance; a *real* Russian. Veronica described her as "a girl who could dance."

Veronica herself had not danced very much. Gilbert had found that their steps didn't suit at all.

Veronica made these statements with the utmost composure, and not all at once, just casually, while she was handing the Sterlings cups of coffee and honey for their breakfast rolls. She was not at all sleepy, and she thought, as it was such a fine day, she'd take her lunch out ski-ing, and go up one of the more distant mountains.

There was never any more to it than that, so that Mr. and Mrs. Sterling need not have spent the rest of the winter feeling like whipped dogs; nor need they have wished that Gilbert was not their nephew, so that they could, with a good conscience, leave their money to almost anybody else.

When they were alone they eased their hearts a little by saying rude things about Russians; but there was no other way of easing them.

Gilbert spent all the rest of the holidays dancing like a leaf.

The Sterlings could not send Veronica away; and she even asked if she might stay on a little longer after Gilbert had gone. She seemed in no great hurry to go home and start running her mother's errands again. Nor had the Sterlings anything to complain of, since Veronica was a most cheerful and considerate visitor, and almost embarrassingly attentive to their simple wants. She only looked as plain as she would go on looking for the rest of her life. P. B.

GRACIE FIELDS TAKES TO TALKIES

All undressed up! Gracie Fields in the name-part of her first talkie, "Sally in Our Alley," is overcome at the "bare" idea of wearing an evening gown for the first time in her life. Inset is Florence Desmond as Flo, the young slum girl

A "strapping" father. Ivor Barnard, as Flo's father, introduces his daughter to the strap, she having aroused his parental ire for having refrained from handing over a thoroughly good half-crown as made by the Royal Mint she had received from Sally, in exchange for a thoroughly bad one as made by her fond parent

Sally (Gracie Fields) learns from her friend, Alf (Fred Groves), that the lover whom she believed to have been killed in the war is alive, but a cripple. Another scene from "Sally in Our Alley," the British talkie made at the Beaconsfield Studios and showing at the Leicester Square Theatre

BEAUTY AND TALENT

MOLLY LAMONT

The nineteen-year-old B.I.P. star, who is the only winner of a beauty competition ever to have a film contract renewed. She has already appeared in "My Wife's Family" and "House Full," and will shortly be seen in "Four Winds," written and directed by Norman Lee

THE THEATRE OF TO-DAY

A SERIES BY NORMAN HILLSON

IV.—THE CHEATERS

"The Management regrets that owing to unavoidable circumstances, etc."

DECORATIONS BY AUBREY HAMMOND

"Indispensable"

MR. CHARLES BLAKE COCHRAN has a sense of the past. Whenever he makes a curtain speech, he invariably bows himself off the stage with the words, "Your most humble servant." Sir Henry Irving had a slightly different phrase, "Your loyal and obedient servant."

THERE was a time when the actors of Drury Lane were called "His Majesty's servants," to avoid their being classed as "rogues and vagabonds." Eventually, they became the servants of the public. The real theatre manager and stage actor remain the servants of the people, who pay good, hard money at the box-office. They give their best every time they are called on to appear. I call them the "troupers." But there are dozens of actors and actresses who quite often fail to give their best. I call them "the cheaters."

The public is being cheated by one actor or another in every other theatre in London at the present moment.

THE actor who schemes to get his name in lights, or deserves to read his name in very big letters on the bills, owes a very definite duty to the public. If it were not for public patronage he would remain the obscure player he once was. He receives his fat wad of five-pound notes on a Friday evening, because of the good money expended by that same public. But sometimes he imagines good bully Bottom was talking sense when that Athenian weaver remarked, "All for your delight, we are not here."

IN every other walk of life a man who slacks pays the penalty of his remissness by getting the sack. In the theatre an actor, if he is sufficiently well known, can go on gagging, giving bad performances, joking, playing to his friends and cutting his calls without anything very much happening to him. You see, it is the theatre. You cannot apply the ordinary standards of life to what happens in the theatre, so they say. Actors are temperamental, and some of them have been made to think they are indispensable. It does not matter what the public thinks. The spectator is only the man who pays to see whatever the actor thinks is good for him.

"Actors are temperamental"

THE talkies point a warning finger at the cheaters. There are no deliberately bad performances on the screen. Actors do not stay off for the matinée performance because they are tired. The hundredth night of a film is the same as the first night. Very often the hundredth performance of a play in London is not worth seeing. The stars have become too tired to play their best. And the best of many of them is not very good.

THERE are certain theatres where the management keep the players up to the mark, and prevent cheating. For instance, Frank Collins is in the London Pavilion at every performance of a Cochran revue. If there is the least slackness in either star or chorus work, Frank wants to know why. At the Whitehall Theatre Walter Hackett or Tom Reynolds is always on the look-out. If a laugh is missed for no apparent reason, the actor or actress concerned is on the mat the same evening. Sometimes Hackett goes to the Albert Hall to see a fight, but the company never knows he has gone. They never cheat at the Whitehall Theatre. I could give other instances of this watchful eye. But there are many theatres where even the stage manager gets too bored to worry much about the show after it has been running for a bit.

(*Continued on page* 506)

MOTOR LAUGHS WITH MARION LORNE

"Take a Chance," at the Whitehall Theatre, deals with motor cars and horse-racing, but a love interest is also interwoven in the theme, and the lovers seen on the left are Richard Carfax (Ian Hunter) and Mrs. Burton (Barbara Hoffe), who runs away from her husband in the comfortable two-seater car

It is Marion Lorne as Wilhelmina Ryde who gets most chances in "Take a Chance," and she does take them. In the most innocent way in the world Wilhelmina makes drunk Alastair Pallavant (Hugh Wakefield), a private detective, who is on the track of the eloping couple. The car in the top picture is well adapted for a tête à tête. *The one in the garage is more suitable for a Harry Tate à Tate, but despite its decrepit appearance it manages to keep pace with that owned by the runaways*

Without an assistant at the garage, Wilhelmina would be helpless. Sometimes a title in trade is a synonym for incompetence, but Lady Merriton (Ruth Taylor), who is seen above, luckily possesses some head for business

THE THEATRE OF TO-DAY (continued from page 504)

THERE was a glaring example of cheating in the West End not so very long ago. An American play which had run for an age in America was beautifully put on in a London theatre with three or four American stars. The show went off with a bang. It looked like running for months. Then some of the stars began to cheat. They did not take this very tense play seriously. They used to joke in the wings at crucial moments—talk about parties and suppers when they ought to be concentrating on the characters they had to portray a few seconds later; they were constantly late for their entrances, they missed cues, and so on. The whole performance fell to pieces. Instead of gripping the public, it became boring. The show ended quite three months before it would have done if there had been no cheating. Indeed, for the last three weeks of the run the company cheated the public. They did not give their best, but there was no reduction in the price of seats at the box-office. That would have been fair.

THERE is another actor in London who said he was ill. The piece in which he had an important part was nearing the end of its run, and he looked around for more work. That is quite reasonable. But, instead of explaining to the management the true position of affairs, he said he was ill, and produced the machine-made doctor's certificate. The understudy was put on, and nothing was said until it was discovered that the star actor was cheating. He was so ill he was rehearsing with another company about to present a new play. This may sound incredible, but it is true.

"On the look-out"

THE doctor's certificate is so easy to obtain. A slight chill is quite sufficient to keep the cheater out of the theatre, especially if business is not very good. If some of our great business men stayed away from work on the provocations which are quite sufficient to keep some of our well-known actresses away from their dressing-rooms, the business of the nation would cease. I came across an instance the other day. It affected a well-known star in a musical play. She was too ill to appear at a matinee. Proof in a doctor's certificate. That same evening she was dancing at a public restaurant until the small hours. She was cheating.

I HAVE been to scores of matinee performances at which business was bad and the house very thin. I have watched well-known stars give performances which were nothing less than disgraceful. The good trouper gives a fine performance even if there are only half a dozen people in the house. The cheater just cheats. He or she cannot be bothered.

THEN there are the inexcusable offences of actors indulging in jokes; actors coddling each other on the stage; actors underacting; actors playing to certain friends in the audience. An actor should remember that he is indirectly paid by the public to give as good a performance as lies in his power. If he fails in any one respect by reason of boredom, practical joking, underacting, cutting calls to get away to a party, and so on, he joins the ranks of the cheaters.

THERE are other actors and actresses who work in the film studios all day and rush back to the theatre just in time to make up. They are tired and exhausted, and they cannot possibly give their best to the public.

"They are exhausted"

I have even known actresses stop off from their own show in order to be present at an important first night. It gives the understudies a chance, it is true. But the public do not pay money to see understudies.

THE stage of to-day is much too social. If actors and actresses acted as well on the stage as they do in restaurants and drawing-rooms, the London theatre could defy the world. Some of them look on the stage as a stepping-stone to Mayfair. For some of them it is. The theatre can do without them.

BUT the theatre is a very exacting mistress if you are to retain your popularity through the years. Marie Tempest would not be an enormous box-office attraction after such a long period of active work—119 first nights are recorded in her diary—if she had cheated the public. No, Miss Tempest has always worked hard. She goes on improving after the first night. She does not walk through a part because she has played it for three hundred nights. Did you see *The First Mrs. Fraser*?

BUT there is a musical play in London at the moment in which the actors and actresses are already walking through their parts as if they were too bored to live. The play is a success, and so they think they can cheat. It is damnably unfair to the management who employ them. It is monstrous so to treat the public who pay to go to the play. N. H.

The Rhine and Round About — By Charles Graves

A general view of Cologne from the east bank of the Rhine, with the famous cathedral, the fifth largest in the world, in the middle background

THE more one sees of Germany, the more one realises what a monopolistic mastery it possesses over the control of electric light. Whatever night club or shop you go to, whether it is in Cologne, Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Heidelberg, Berlin, or Munich or Hamburg, you will find the most cunningly arranged lights inside and the most ingenious illuminations on the façade.

WITHOUT intending to be unduly paradoxical, on my arrival at Cologne I decided that the one thing I wished to see far more than the cathedral when floodlighted (which is only fifty yards from the Excelsior Hotel) was an eau de Cologne factory. The eau de Cologne factory was a very difficult affair to negotiate. I imagine that to most readers of THE BYSTANDER eau de Cologne means 4711, and when I asked whether I could see the factory I was told that not only had no one outside the staff ever been inside it, but that even the advertising manager had not seen it since 1916. Somehow, though, the matter was arranged, and I was allowed to visit it. It was even more thrilling than the diamond factory which I saw in Antwerp six weeks ago. I was shown everything, from the cellars, which contained 76 barrels of eau de Cologne, each barrel containing 500 litres, and each litre being sold for 17s., to the safe deposit, where 1,000 bottles of every kind of perfume essence is kept. Each bottle is worth between £200 and £500. The most exotic of all was the distilled essence of the perfume from the moss off oak trees. You have to strip about a square mile of oak trees before you can boil down enough moss to fill a tooth-glass. Altogether it is the dearest and most de luxe factory in the world. The night life of Cologne means a visit to Charlotte Chèrie, the local Embassy Club. As for the cathedral, the fifth largest in the world, I was chiefly fascinated by the stained-glass windows and the statue of the Lazy Archbishop.

THIRTY miles from Cologne is the finest hotel in the Rhineland. It is called Petersberg Hof, and during the War was an English officers' prison camp. It must have been almost worth while getting captured to be sent there. It commands a marvellous view of the Drachenfels and eighty miles over the Rhine, and belongs to the man who owns the eau de Cologne factory, and is able to afford the services of the ex-Kaiser's Number One pianist to play the accompaniments in the concerts. Everything else is in proportion.

One of the many quaint, old-world streets in which Cologne abounds In the background is seen a glimpse of the Church of St. Martin

The Hohenzollern Bridge over the Rhine at Cologne with the Cathedral silhouetted on the left of the photograph. The broad sweep of the river presents a picture of great beauty

Where the Rhine and the Moselle join forces at Coblenz. The imposing equestrian statue was erected in memory of the Emperor Wilhelm I

IF you want to make your mouth water you take a steamer from Petersberg, past Coblenz and the Lorelei Rock up to Bingen; on either side one famous vineyard after another passes into view. The point where I could bear it no more was when the steamer stopped at the vineyards of the firm which makes Steinberger Cabinet.

Here I disembarked and went by road to Wiesbaden, which is like a crystallised plum of Edwardian age. It has the most perfect casino I have ever seen. It cost a quarter of a million pounds to make before the War. It has restaurants, gaming-rooms, theatres, concert halls, and "conversation rooms," each more magnificent than the last. But it reminds me of that little verse:

Mother, may I go out to swim?
Yes, my darling daughter.
Hang your clothes on a hickory bush
But don't go near the water.

For the German Government does not allow gambling. It "tolerates" it for a time, and then forbids it. Unfortunately, I arrived just after it had been forbidden for the first time for five months. By the time this article appears in print it may be allowed again. The forbidden game was a murderous cross between roulette and boule. The next one will be different, but just as diverting, no doubt. The casino, or Kurhaus, leaves behind an impression of scarlet velvet, marble, gold statues, fuchsias, fountains, and oil paintings.

BUT what is more entrancing even than the casino is the Kaiser Friedrich Bad. This is an enormous glass and marble building which might be described as "the plumber's dream come true." The curative waters at Wiesbaden come out of the ground at near boiling point; their various properties enable them to be used for Turkish baths, gargling, washing, sniffing, inhaling, swimming in, and drinking. In order to make all these methods possible this huge establishment has been built with every kind of porcelain appliance. You have never seen such a place; Heath Robinson ought certainly to pay it a visit.

There are, in all, twenty-seven hot springs in Wiesbaden, several of which are tapped by the various hotels. One spring, for example, is situated under the geranium-bordered court of the Palast Hotel, the waters of which are diverted into the bathrooms, where *everything* has at least five taps, as well as thermometers. In my own bedroom and bathroom I counted seven thermometers. Work it out.

The Rock of the Lorelei on the Rhine. A trip on the Rhine means a journey through a lovely country steeped in history and folk-lore

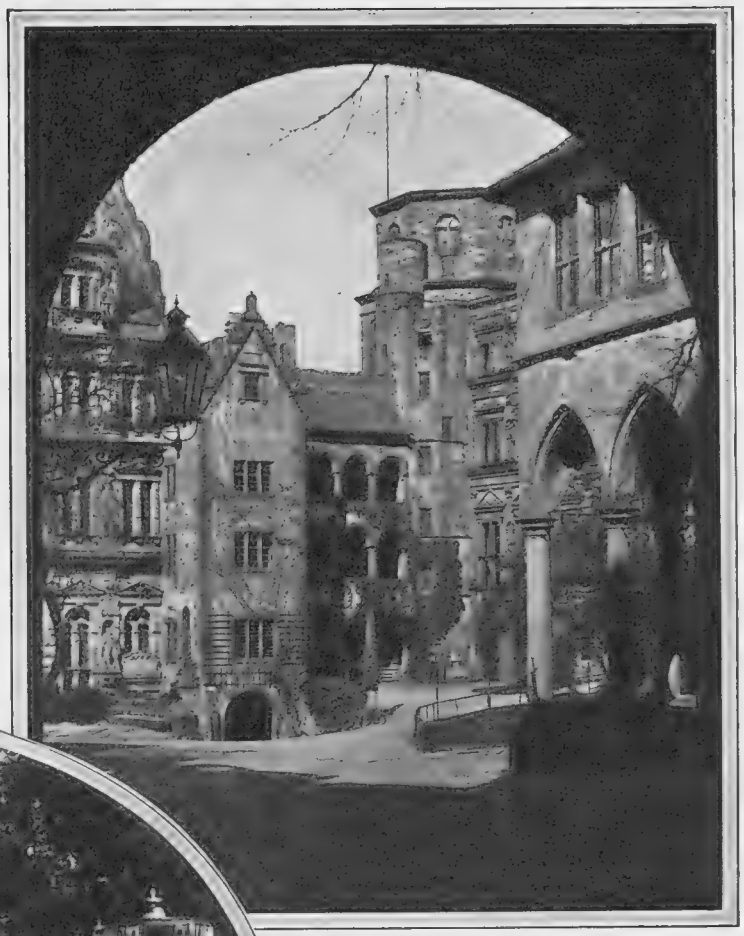
Rhenish wine is famed the world over. Above is a scene in a typical Rhine vineyard with the workers plucking the grapes that will shortly enter the giant vats

OF Wiesbaden's night life there is quite a lot to tell. There is the Park Cabaret, with brown velvet curtains, semi-naked acrobatic dancing, and soft red lights. There is the Boccacchio, with vivid scarlet china parrots in alcoves and dark blue walls. There is the Martini, with bronze walls and a bronze circular ceiling. There are several other gay "joints," as well as a good golf course and horse-racing. But I don't like the taste of the waters. Still, they are not compulsory.

FROM Wiesbaden the most attractive road by car takes you to Heidelberg over the pretty, mountainous country of the Odenwald. Heidelberg, the Oxford of Germany, has 3,500 undergraduates, who are famous for their duelling clubs. The smartest of these—and there are fifty—is the Saxo Borussia. It has thirty members, and you have to be at least a baron to belong to it. Dukes, princes, counts and freiherrs have been members of it for generations, and send their sons

there. Its colours are green and white and black, and members wear a kind of white tam-o'-shanter with a stiff black peak and a green and white ribbon. A bellicose undergraduate may fight as many as fifty or sixty duels during his three years. Except in matters of honour, however, it is not much more dangerous than boxing. You fight with swords, but you have to hold your arm above your head like a constable holding up traffic, with the point of the weapon pointing down to your opponent's face. This, like your arm, is guarded over the eyes and throat, and the object is to chip a bit of skin off his cheek. The duels are usually forty rounds long, but nobody needs more than sticking plaster unless he shrinks from a blow and thus gets deeply cut. The honour duels are fought with sabres, and are definitely serious affairs. These take place five miles away in the Free State of Hesse, where duelling is not against the law.

The night life of Heidelberg is not so hot, but it is fun to visit the undergraduates' two leading rendezvous. They are called Redoxen and Sepple, and look more like a junior common room in an Oxford college than a public tavern, old as they are. Of the dance places Cafaso and Odeon are the gayest, though one should not miss Vater Rhein with its bowers of artificial vines.



A picturesque corner of the old castle at Heidelberg. The Oxford of Germany, there are 3,500 undergraduates at its famous university

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN is only a few kilometres from Heidelberg, and is one of the prettiest old towns in the whole of the Rhineland. It is also famous for being the original home of the Rothschilds. Old Mrs. Rothschild died at the age of ninety-six here, having lived to see her sons become the richest bankers in the world. The English one, Nathan, was the man who watched the Battle of Waterloo as an interested spectator, and then rushed back to London two days ahead of Wellington's dispatches and started a bull movement on the Stock Exchange which made him three million pounds. In their early days at Frankfort they lived, twelve of them, on two floors of a tiny house in the ghetto, now 26, Boernestrasse, and hid in the cellar when there was trouble. On the two floors above lived the founder of the de Worms fortunes, and next door was the home of Jacob Schiff's grandfather. None of the family ever comes back to see their starting place except the Baroness Charles de Rothschild, who paid a visit four years ago.

Where the cure is taken *A corner of Wiesbaden, the spa with waters which are famous the world over for their curative properties*

THE best restaurant in Frankfort is the oddly named Falstaff. It is definitely de luxe, with turquoise panelling and crystal chandeliers—not at all like the one in Fleet Street. The most amusing way, though, of spending an evening in Frankfort is to visit the Grosse Frankfort. This is almost as large as the Haus Vaterland, in Berlin. It contains an enormous picture theatre, two variety halls, a beer hall, a restaurant, and a very good night club, named the Eremitagebar, and is decorated with scarlet velvet and very pretty girl bar tenders. Another night club I visited which would compare with any boîte in Paris is the Cabaret Clou. This has a glass floor, low pink lights, and altogether a good place at which to round off one's evening.

C. G.

The Undergraduates' Prison at Heidelberg. Duelling is still extensively practised at the University but, except in affairs of honour, it is not of a dangerous nature

BOOKS AND PEOPLE.

TUDOR ENGLAND

The Border and Lions By "Junius"

Elliott and Fry

ANNE HEPPLE

The author of "Gay Go Up" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). This delightful story of four sisters is certain to enjoy a big popularity

WHEN you take up a book by Mr. John Buchan you have the happy certainty that he will lead you into a world which no other writer of our time could describe in the same way. And Mr. Buchan is at his best when, as in *The Blanket of the Dark* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), he weds romance to history and endows them both with psychology. The story tells of those troublous times when Henry VIII was beginning his spoliation of the monasteries and when the north had risen against him in the Pilgrimage of Grace. Mr. Buchan tells us, too, that the nobles and gentry of western England, of the Marches of Wales and of Wales itself, were planning a similar rising with the intention of dethroning Henry and making the son of the last Duke of Buckingham—whom Henry had beheaded—King in his stead.

THIS son, after his father's death and attainder, had been brought up by a forester and his wife in a remote village, and then sent to the great monastery of Oseney, near Oxford, as a clerk under the name of Peter Pentecost. The secret of his birth is made known to the young man who suddenly finds himself treated as a royal personage by the rebellious lords, and the centre of their designs against Henry. The rest is a full canvas of that period. Mr. Buchan gives us the domestic magnificence of the nobles; the appalling condition of the poor; the underworld of beggars and robbers; the bitter conflict of religious opinion. The most tense and thrilling scene in a book of many tense moments is that in which Peter saves Henry VIII from drowning, followed by Henry's attempt to stab him when he discovers that he is Buckingham's son. The proposed rebellion fades out, and Peter is condemned by Henry to be hanged. But he escapes and is heard of no more.

JOHN BUCHAN

Whose new book, "The Blanket of the Dark," is reviewed on this page. It is published by Hodder & Stoughton at 7s. 6d.

THOSE insatiable lovers of happy endings will perhaps wish that Mr. Buchan had given his hero the lady he loved, and a place of honour for saving Henry's life. But Mr. Buchan knows his history and his Henry too well for such a concession. His portrait of the much-married monarch has all the suggestion and definiteness of a Holbein.

SOME writers have the gift of leaving the reader, when the last page has been turned, with the impression that their characters are his intimate acquaintances, if not his friends. Miss Anne Hepple possesses this gift in full measure. And when you close *Gay Go Up* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) you feel that you not only know the four Heron sisters—Janet, Eliza, Caroline and Rachel—but that you, too, have assisted in their merry pranks and more serious doings.

Eliza is actually the heroine. Her sisters called her "Gay Go Up," after a general christening in a duck-pond when they had all taken names they preferred to their own. She is a most amusing and fascinating girl, with a passion for setting the world to rights. One of her sisters said, "Gay would help lame dogs over stiles, even if they wanted to go the other way, and even if they bit her." This passion leads Eliza into endless troubles, some very amusing, some the contrary. But whatever she does Angus Urwen, whose love at the outset she is too young to understand, comes to her rescue. Once, when Eliza is sheltering a young man wanted by the police, Angus saves her life in a blizzard. Eliza reaches her supreme height in "arranging things" when she dyes a white sheep-dog grey and it comes out bright pink; and when she presents a bed-ridden old village woman with flannelette pyjamas. It is the merriest book, brimful of that delightful humour of which some families have the happy secret. Also it has romance—for each of the four sisters finds a mate—and charming descriptions of Border scenery. In fact, it could be called a new Border Tale.

"THE WINNING TRICK" (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), by Neville Brand, leaves you positively breathless. You feel like the old German lady who said after the roof of her house had been blown off in a storm, "Ach, mein dear, there vas coming round lots of goings-on!" Henry Barradyne—literally the god in the machinery, for what he does with aeroplanes passes the understanding of the mere groundling—dominates the story, aided by his wife and his friend Robin. He is in the British Secret Service. What happens when the three fall into the hands of a band of arch-conspirators—Bolshevists apparently, although they are not so named—I must leave to Mr. Brand's readers to discover. He himself, I think, scores the winning trick in novels of this kind with the condemnation to death twice in one evening of his three principal characters. What the French Government would have to say to the conspirators using a searchlight and a machine gun in a French forest doesn't, of course, come within the scope of fiction. But between

(Continued on page 512)

ALL ABROAD

Above: Serfs of the Surf. Holiday-makers on the Basque Coast making the most of the fine weather at Miramar Beach, Biarritz

Left: Miss Millicent Baron with her horse. She is seen about to set out for her morning's exercise at Biarritz

Polo at Biarritz. The Duc de Santo Mauro, a very well-known player at the Beyris Club, where he has been seen a lot this season

The final thirteen competitors to be left in the competition to choose the Queen of the Plage at Juan-les-Pins lined up to face the judges. The latter were confronted with a task as difficult as it was pleasant

DOGS

TOSH AND TOMATOES By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE are many new-fangled ideas in these days about the feeding of dogs—much on a par, I think, with the ideas about the feeding of children. I was brought up on the milk of one cow, specially kept for my infant lips. Later this cow was found to be suffering from tuberculosis, but I can never find that it did me any harm. Nowadays, children live on specially prepared and sterilised milk out of bottles, and the little animals look pinched and puling. Luckily, both children and dogs are hardy creatures, or science would have killed them long ago. But this idea of giving puppies and adult dogs orange and tomato juice is, to my mind, perfectly suicidal.

TO begin with, the dog's interior is not fitted to deal with fruit and vegetable compounds, and if you look at his mouth you will see that his teeth are those of a carnivorous animal and that therefore meat is his natural diet. People who tell you that the dog has lived in domesticity for so many years that he has accustomed himself to civilised food are merely talking nonsense. Biology deals with millions of years, and Nature works even more slowly than the proverbial mills of God, and there is practically no difference between the civilised dog of to-day and the wild wolf running in the bush—that is, no physical and organic difference. The latter is harder and wirier, but given a few months a dog's physical condition would soon be the same. There is a difference in the shape of a wolf's skull, but I am talking of the essential characteristics. Therefore, why this sudden and touching belief in the efficacy of orange juice and tomato? A certain type of grass is eaten by the dog, and if you will allow him to eat his fill of that when he is out for a walk, it is all he needs. He does not always eat grass in order to make himself vomit. Sometimes, no doubt, it is taken as a simple internal corrective and possibly is digested, but I am rather inclined to think that in most cases where it is not needed as an emetic, it is designed for the purpose of "roughage."

IN WESTMORLAND

A young visitor makes friends with an entrant at the Vale of Rydal Sheep Dog Trials and Foxhounds and Beagles Show. It is one of the biggest shows in the North

I HAVE a letter from a correspondent who sent no address but asked me to reply through the medium of this paper. I am terribly sorry for her, as I know only too well what the loss of a beloved dog means.

She gives me details about what he died from, but not being a veterinary surgeon and not having been there, I cannot really give an opinion. Did her vet. not give a specific name to the disease?

I AM always sorry for veterinary surgeons when people's dogs die because one is always apt to blame the vet. (quite unjustly). Also, it is impossible for him to be deeply affected by the death of every dog that he attends, or he would be a broken-down man. But some are much nicer than others. I can remember a certain charming man who after performing an autopsy on my dog drove ten miles with me in a car while I wept into his handkerchief.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 510)

Henry Barradyne, the mysterious Solomon Kinski, and the fat Mlle. la Bollée in Marseilles, the international conspirators have a bad time of it, and that, naturally, is sufficient for the author's purpose.

MR. JOHN BEAMES writes with first-hand knowledge in *Army Without Banners* (Benn, 7*s.* 6*d.*) of early settlement life in Western Canada. Some thirty years ago, he tells us, his father, who had been on the Indian Staff Corps, went to Western Canada with his wife and four sons, of whom the writer was the eldest. He himself has been freighter, trapper, lumberjack and fisherman, consequently all the incidents he relates in the lives of two families, the Clovellys and the Kents, amongst the early settlers, are based upon personal knowledge and experience.

The Clovellys are pioneers who have the breaking of fresh ground in their blood. They are not content, like the Kents who have English traditions behind them, to continue the cultivation of the land they have wrested from the wilderness. Mr. Beames has an engrossing story to tell of man's conquest of elemental forces. He tells it vigorously, with humour, and a keen perception of character.

IF *The Law o' the Lariat* (Newnes, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Oliver Strange, has not already appeared as an American film, I expect it will speedily find its way there. If you think of all the cowboy films you have seen by mistake whilst waiting for the "big attraction," you will get a fair idea of these pages of lawlessness, shootings, finds, and the dashing hither and thither on horses. I gave up counting how many people were killed by the hero, Severn, who invariably carried two "guns," and never missed his man. He certainly used his miraculous power of aim to rid the Wild West of malefactors, but with all respect to his excellent intentions, the numerous "crumpled heaps," that follow the "lance of flame" from his side, grow monotonous.

FOR a really intriguing murder story let me recommend *Ra-Ta-Plan* (Nash and Grayson, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Dorothy Ogburn. Who commits the double murder in the house party on Snooky Island, off the coast of Georgia, when it is cut off from all communication with the mainland by a storm will, I think, baffle the most ingenious-minded of readers.

ONE is reminded of Mowgli by *The Lion's Way* (Hutchinson, 7*s.* 6*d.*), by C. T. Stoneham, because in both cases a man-child is brought up by wild beasts. But beyond this the two stories have no resemblance. *The Lion's Way* is an unusual and original story told with so profound a knowledge that you are engrossed as much by the life and habits of lions as you are by the fate of the little boy Kaspa.

He is four years old when his parents are killed in South Africa. A lioness, which has been robbed of her cubs, finds the child standing by a half-eaten zebra on which she and her mate come to make a meal. She takes the child in place of her lost cubs and rears him as if he were the same breed. Grown to young manhood, Kaspa, because of his superior intelligence, becomes the leader of a pack of lions. In tracking and killing the quarry he is their equal in all save brute strength. Finally, he is captured, and through the interest and devotion of an Englishman called Seton is slowly humanised. Then love comes into his life, and after a vain attempt to return to the wilds in South Africa, that love and his human nature ultimately conquer.

Mr. Stoneham has spent most of his life in the study of African lions, and he says that from his experience he has "no hesitation in assuring the reader that there is no incident in Kaspa's wild life that would seem impossible to those naturalists and hunters who have studied the habits of the great African carnivora." Mr. Stoneham, certainly, has used his own knowledge to signal advantage.

"JUNIUS."

GOLFING DAYS at NORTH BERWICK

Above are seen Mr. Wylie (left), Ben Sayers the professional, and Sir John Simon on their way to the first tee for a morning's golf. On the right is another visitor to North Berwick, Mrs. Edward Sawyer, the daughter of Mr. E. Saunders of Tongat, Natal, and daughter-in-law of the late Colonel C. E. Sawyer, C.B.E.

TEE-TIME TOPICS

Prince Peter of Monaco and Mrs. A. G. Deirchar discuss the prospects of the day's golf whilst waiting their turn to play at North Berwick. A very keen golfer, Prince Peter often plays on British courses

Miss Betty Rumbold (left), the niece of Sir Horace Rumbold, our Ambassador to Germany, presents a sprig of lucky heather to Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville, an ex-amateur champion. On the right is Miss Betty Montgomerie, whose father is the Secretary of the North Berwick Golf Course

FLYING NOTES

USE THE AIR MAIL ! By Capt C. E. Ward.

Experts giving one of our new Schneider Trophy 'planes a thorough overhauling before a trial flight at Calshot. The French team have announced their intention of competing, but the Italian decision has been still further postponed

IT is surprising how many people interested in aviation, either as a business or a hobby, fail to use the Air Mail for their own correspondence. Out of twenty odd letters received lately from abroad, all of which could with advantage have been sent by air, I think not more than half bore the blue label, and most of these were from business houses not connected with flying. The greater part of public money spent directly on civil aviation goes in subsidy to Imperial Airways for the development of our routes to India and the East, and to Africa.

THESE routes must be made to earn a profit in the shortest possible time. Already the Economy Committee, under Sir George May, has questioned the advisability of entering into fresh agreements with Imperial Airways, which means that the extension of the Indian Mail to Australia is in doubt whilst the financial depression is overhead. It is no longer correct to assume that because Kingsford Smith, Scott and Mollison have successively reduced the time required to fly by light 'plane to and from Australia, that the establishment of the final links in the air line will be hastened.

THE latter requires money in large quantities, and it would be forthcoming to-morrow if full loads could be anticipated when the machines started work. It should be a point of honour with anyone having the remotest interest in flying, to send all letters by air mail when this is possible. After all, one gets value for money by so doing, whilst helping a British industry which is amongst the most important of our time.

Around the Town

WHILST Heston, Hanworth Park and Hatfield are growing, there is a lull in the formation of new aerodromes which cater for the private owner. Croydon will be closed to all traffic except commercial air liners in the near future, so that a new aerodrome will be needed south of London, and another will be required in the direction of Stag Lane when the pressure of testing the Moths gets a little greater. "Aerofilms" have opened a showroom at Heston with an exhibition of their work and photographic supplies on sale. This also means that the amateur can get air pictures developed by experts who will deal with faults, a service which it is not possible to obtain from the local chemist or even from photographic agencies in London. The Barnard Circus had a very successful time at Heston, its visit coinciding with the opening of the "Verandah," the name given to a new public enclosure. It must have been a pleasant change for Captain Barnard, Mr. John Tranum and the others, to fly at a well-known aerodrome with real gates and fences, for most of their work this summer has been carried out from fields where the crowd has to be sort of roped in, using the expression in both senses. Their tour, similar in scope to that carried out by Sir Alan Cobham two years ago, has done a lot of good in keeping up the public interest in flying at places off the beaten track of air liners.

AT CALSHOT

Air Vice-Marshal Sir Charles Lambe, who is a frequent visitor to our Schneider Trophy team. He is the Air Officer commanding the Coastal Area

THERE are still far too few aerodromes and landing grounds in the Provinces, not only for business needs but for the safety of cross-country flying in bad weather. The Graf Zeppelin came to Hanworth Park and departed again without difficulty, so that the headquarters of National Flying Services can claim to be an airship base as well as an aerodrome and a gliding centre. The de Havilland School of Flying at Hatfield has developed during the past few months almost beyond recognition. Until a few days ago I hadn't seen it since February, when it looked most adequate but somehow lacked the friendly appearance of a place that is lived in. Now it is a busy centre crowded with pupils from morning till night, instruction being given not only in flying but in all ground subjects.

Events of the Month

AS considerably more than a million people visited the Solent area to see the last Schneider Trophy Race, it is worth while for the individual to plan his or her movements well in advance for this year's event, if only to avoid colliding with the other million or so The "A.A." and the R.A.C. can advise on road routes, the Royal Aero Club on moorings for boats and landing grounds for aeroplanes, and the Southern Railway will be running "specials" for those wanting public transport. The Municipal Airport at Portsmouth, now under construction, was sufficiently advanced yesterday to be opened for temporary use by visitors to the district. An area 700 by 1,100 yards will be available for landing, and there will be open-air parks for machines with skilled attendants at call. Cowes is also open for small land machines and a limited number of marine aircraft.

Next Saturday, September 5, is "Devon's Air Day," and the third Annual Air Rallye will start at Little Halden, near Teignmouth, at 2 p.m. The programme includes the race for the Teignmouth Air Trophy.

How to choose a cigarette

Nowadays smokers choose their cigarettes according to the conditions under which they are to be smoked.

For lingering enjoyment, when time is of little account, De Reszke *Americans* are favoured.

20 *for* 1/6

*

For occasions-in-ordinary the choice falls on the standard De Reszke *Virginias*.

20 *for* 1/-

*

And for a "brief-time" smoke there are the new D.R. *Minors* at 10 for 4d. — a beautifully made cigarette of precisely the same choice Virginia leaf as its bigger brothers.

20 *for* 8d.

DE RESZKE

— of course!

SHOOTING NOTES

MAINLY OF PARTRIDGES — By "Clodhopper"

TALES of woe about this year's partridge crop—and of hard times too, of course—could, no doubt, be told by the majority of shooting owners and tenants throughout the length and breadth of the country. The exceedingly adverse weather conditions which prevailed so generally during practically the whole of the nesting period, and immediately after the "main hatch," destroyed not only a very large percentage of eggs, but vast numbers of freshly hatched and helpless partridge chicks also. Whole broods of the latter were simply washed out of existence by thunderstorms and torrential rains in open and exposed places; in the rank and sodden herbage of the hedge-bottoms, and in the high, drenched mowing grass and growing corn.

ANOTHER disturbing factor was a spring outbreak of disease amongst mature partridges on some Hampshire manors where exceptionally heavy stocks of birds were left at the close of last season. This would seem to bear out the theory that too large a breeding-stock left on the ground never results in a good game year. In my experience, however, this old theory is by no means infallible in regard to either partridges or grouse.

NOW, although the partridge prospects in the majority of agricultural districts are so bad that no shooting will take place on many big sporting estates this season, there are a few bright "patches" on the dour partridge chart, notably in north Essex and in a few well-favoured parts of Norfolk and Lincolnshire. Further north on the arable lands of Ross-shire, Inverness, and other cultivated areas in the Scottish Highlands and Lowlands, I hear of rattling good coveys, especially in the neighbourhood of Novar and Ardross, Moniac Castle, Beaufort Castle, and in various parts of the Black Isle, such as Kilcoy, Rosehaugh and Redcastle. Pheasants, both wild and hand-reared, have done remarkably well on most preserves lying north of the Border, and, taken on the whole, autumn shooting in the Land o' Cakes promises to be rather better than the average.

AS to whether partridges will, on the less depleted shoots even, prove plentiful enough to warrant organised driving on anything like a big scale being practised in October and November, is more than doubtful. Indeed, one ventures to say, the sportsman who is able to show a sufficient number of coveys on his land to afford a few quiet but enjoyable days "walking up" in early September is to be congratulated. Generally speaking there is no lack of good holding cover in the shape of roots, clover and late potatoes; while, so dense is the verdure in the hedge-bottoms and "doubles," that steady close-working gun-dogs will be essential. On the other hand, "thanks" to Jupiter Pluvius, harvesting operations are likely to be unusually late in many counties, and both partridge shooting and cub-hunting relatively so.

Mr. Hubert Martineau in one of the butts on Murrayfield Moor, Yorkshire. He has been entertaining a shooting party at Marske Hall, near Richmond in the same county

LOOKING through some of last season's records of big one-day bags I find the following outstanding totals: Capt. Cunningham-Reid, Sir Bolton Ayres-Monsell, Col. Wilfred Ashley, and five other guns, killed 707 brace of partridges and "various" on the famous Six-Mile Bottom Estate, Lord Ashburton's 8,000 acre manor at Alresford, Hants (now unfortunately in the market), yielded over 500 brace, and Sir William Portal's wonderful shooting at Laverstock, in the same county, 524 brace. Mr. Dewar and a small party of guns killed 400 brace in one day's shooting at Chippenham, Wilts. Sir Humphrey de Trafford and his guests had 225 brace down as the result of less than six hours' driving at Newsalls, while 570 birds were shot on Sir Ernest Cassell's preserves at Puckeridge on the first day's driving.

ALL these, and scores of other celebrated shootings, have been well-nigh denuded of their young partridge population through the combined and untimely ravages of cloudbursts, hail and cold. Meagre sport will, therefore, be the rule rather than the exception on the stubbles and in the roots during the present month. But we may rest assured that that hardy and most sporting of game birds, the English partridge, will, in the proper season, once again assert his extraordinary powers of recuperative prolificacy, and repopulate the depleted acres with his kind

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

PARTRIDGE POLICY

SINCE there can be no doubt that partridges are a poor crop the right policy for dealing with them needs carefully defining from the start. In a season which opened with a plentiful breeding stock, mostly birds of last season and the season before, and is now characterised by many barren pairs and what coveys there are small the arithmetic of the problem is very simple. At the moment there is an excessive proportion of old birds. Take a late afternoon stroll, count all you see and so judge the approximate state of the shoot as a whole. Only one treatment is correct. While old and young remain noticeably different in size, walk all the ground systematically, alone or with a reliable companion, concentrate on old birds, and if there are two of you pay one another a fine for every young partridge bagged. The chance to distinguish will not last long in the case of coveys hatched at the normal date, but as there are a lot of second broods about continuous alertness will be repaid for some time to come. Neglect the precaution and in due course the old birds will drive away the young to breed on other ground. Observe it and you may welcome migrants from elsewhere. The underlying theory is that old pairs insist on a large amount of space, whereas young ones are content to breed in much closer proximity. After all, Perdrix à la Casserole makes an excellent dish when well packed with succulent vegetables.

IN BRIEF

"So Ethel returned your engagement ring?"

"Yes, she posted it to me, and, what's more, she had the nerve to paste a label on the outside of the package, 'Glass. Handle with care.'"

* * *

"WHY so sad?"

"I'm insolvent."

"How much have you made over to your wife?"

"Nothing."

"How much money have you invested abroad?"

"Not a bean."

"Good heavens, man! You're not insolvent—you're ruined!"

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness, and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean.

If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

You would appreciate this Gun

Here is a shot gun that any Sportsman can handle with pleasure and satisfaction.

It patterns exceptionally well, hits with real power—and costs but 16 gns. In shooting qualities, the most important feature of any gun, it will prove at least equal to the most expensive gun you can buy. At a time when economy is a matter of some importance, we suggest that you consider this point carefully before you purchase a new gun.

Get a B.S.A. Shot Gun *from*

We have a complete range in stock, and invite you to test any model on our private shooting ground at your convenience.

May we send you a catalogue first?

The WILKINSON SWORD Co. LTD

Special Agents and Wholesale Distributors in London.

53, Pall Mall, LONDON, S.W.1.

The gallery watching E. R. Whitcombe and George Duncan putting during the recent Irish Open Golf Championship. It was played at Dollymount, near Dublin

GOLF GOSSIP

BY LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

THE manager of the British Ryder Cup team states in his report on the tour that "Climatic conditions alone accounted for the poor play exhibited by the majority of the members of the team in America." It is difficult for anyone not knowing the climate there to realise what an effect the heat had on our men. Not only was it overpowering during the day, but many found sleep impossible at night and could eat nothing, and as a consequence were reduced to a state bordering on exhaustion. It would indeed be difficult for them to produce their best golf under these conditions.

* * *

A GOLF tee is a most elusive article; I believe it is an indication that the tee shot has been hit badly unless the tee flies backwards on the impact. Well, I must hit very many bad shots; my tee is frequently well in front of me. One tee often lasts me for several rounds, but it takes quite a lot of finding after each shot. A friend of mine objects almost as strongly to this searching as to buying fresh supplies of tees, and has adopted the plan of anchoring the tee he is using to another by a piece of thin twine. This is effective, but, oh, so tedious. George Gadd has just presented me with some tees of an entirely new type; the stem is set at an angle to the head of about 45 degrees, so that when in use it is in effect leaning towards the hole. When the ball is struck this tee hardly moves and is quite easily found.

* * *

THE Stourbridge Club boasts of a record which very few provincial clubs can equal. It has existed quietly for nearly forty years, but in one year—1927—compelled attention by its three championship successes: one of its members, Dr. Tweddell, winning the Open Amateur Championship; another, Mr. E. W. Fiddian, Boys' Championship, and a third, Miss B. Law, the Midland Ladies' Championship. In each of the last three years the two former have been selected for the English International sides against both Scotland and Ireland, and both, with Mr. D. A. Fiddian, hold the amateur record for this course (scratch 76) with 69. Their ex-professional, M. Bingham, holds the professional record with 68, with which he last year won the Midland Open Championship for the second time.

As to club records, Stourbridge has won three Worcestershire Union championships, six Midland Counties' Association championships, and twice secured the Birmingham and Counties Alliance shield.

No fewer than seven Midland Open Championships have been won by members, also four Midland professional championships. The club has had twenty-five gold medallists in Worcestershire and Midland counties competitions; also thrice won the "Howitt" bowl in a Midland counties competition. Some record!

* * *

THE Weymouth Town Golf Club, which has been in existence since 1910, is evidently much favoured by visitors to the town. Mr. George Templer, the newly appointed secretary, tells me that no fewer than 485 visitors used the course last month. Captain F. W. Hamblin, the extremely popular Mayor of Weymouth, has just joined the club.

THE Central England Open Mixed Foursomes will be held at Woodhall Spa on September 22 to 25. Entries must be received by Wednesday, September 16. Amongst those who have already entered are Molly Gourlay, A. M. Goodwin, and Donald Piper.

* * *

THE Westward Ho! greens are in wonderful condition and much envied and admired by visitors; the grass on the fairways is extraordinary for the time of year. I suppose even a wet summer has its compensations.

W. H. Davies (Wallasey) in action during the Irish Open Championship. He won second place, his score of 293 being only two strokes more than that of the winner, E. W. H. Kenyon (West Lancs)

Major B. C. Quill, M.C., late of the Queen's Royal Regiment, has been appointed secretary in place of the late Major Newton-King, who died last June. Major Quill takes up his duties in October.

* * *

FOR those in search of a fine downland course let me recommend Mannings Heath, within easy reach of London or Brighton by car or rail. It lies in a fold of the Sussex Downs about two and a quarter miles from Horsham. The many natural hazards have been skilfully made use of, and I can guarantee a day full of enjoyment, always provided the weather and play are as good as the course. The thirteenth hole in particular is extremely good.

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Tunbridge*

A FASHIONABLE AUTUMN FROCK AND SUIT

Everyone loves a simple frock. The one above is expressed in Atlantic blue lainage, the collar and vest are of white net trimmed with bands of organdi, the skirt is arranged in sets of pleats. It may be seen at the Galleries Lafayette, Regent Street, W., and so may the suit, which consists of a marocain skirt and a broadtail cloth coat enriched with fur

BLOUSES APPEAR ON EVENING DRESSES

LETTUCE GREEN, VIOLET BLUE AND CAROUBIER ARE MODISH—JERSEY TWEEDS ARE REVERSIBLE, AND HAVE BOUCLETTE SURFACES

Smart and becoming are these accessories from Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W. The tuck-in blouse at the top is of washing silk with adaptable collar, the one at the base is of spotted net trimmed with lace, while the waistcoat is of wool

Rather Unsettled

IT is equally true in the world of fashion, as in other more generally studied spheres, that "history repeats itself." The soft draperies, some of the bustle genre and others of the pannier, and the slightly drooping shoulders at the recent Paris openings have their counterpart in the modes of the mid-Victorian Era, but as we live in strenuous days it is safe to predict that anything that will handicap freedom of movement will swiftly be abandoned. As we have been accustomed to long and slender lines there is something rather clumsy in the more extreme forms of the old-world modes.

A Development of the Spring Fashions

AT the recent Paris openings there were many models that were a development of the fashions that gained prominence in the spring. The longer basque was well represented, while short coats for day and evening wear were almost an obsession. It must also be remarked that there were many blouses present in evening dresses. The skirts were more often than not of accordion-pleated georgette, and the blouses of lamé, some in Persian colourings. It will be appreciated that dresses of this character are easily made at home; therefore, even should there be a vogue for them, it will soon be slaughtered by undue affection.

Lettuce Green and Violet Blue

AMONG the evening colours are a delicate lettuce green and a violet that is almost a hyacinth blue; the latter looks lovely with silver; and then there is a rich currant and mast red tint. Naturally, black and white, and combinations of the same, maintain their position; bottle green and Persian red are among the accepted shades for day, as well as Atlantic blue. Furthermore, there is a new brown known by the name of caroubier, as in it are seen the same shades that are present in the carob tree.

Blouses and Waistcoats

ACCESSORIES are of absorbing interest at this date in the calendar. Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street, are responsible for those portrayed on this page. Washing silk makes the model at the top of the page, with its adaptable collar and simulated vest, and although there is a narrow shoulder yoke the cost is merely 29*s.* 11*d.* The model at the base of the group is of spotted net, the softly falling jabot sleeves being trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The wool waistcoat on the right is double-breasted, and is 14*s.* 11*d.* There are jumpers with short sleeves.

Jersey Tweed Suits

A HIGHLY important place is occupied by jersey tweed suits, therefore it is good news that Richard Sands and Co., 187A, Sloane Street, S.W., are showing their advance guard of autumn models. They are responsible for the suit pictured on this page. It is expressed in jersey tweed and is a pleasing study in red and brown; by the way, it is available in other colour schemes.

It consists of a skirt and jumper or cardigan, the latter fitting so well that it can be worn in cold weather with a sleeveless vest or other accessory; and of it one may become the possessor for 8½ guineas.

It is of jersey tweed that this suit is made in a variety of colour schemes; the basque of the coat is quite flat, therefore it can be worn in or outside the skirt. It has gone into residence at Richard Sands and Co., 187a, Sloane Street, S.W

MOTOR NOTES

BABIES ARE BOOMING — By E. M. Wright

THE secrets of Coventry are at last coming to light. Little by little the veil is being lifted and hush-hush models which have slunk about the streets with disguised bonnets or have lain hidden behind closed doors in the works are now being revealed to the world. Enough already is known for it to be possible to make a preliminary forecast of what the "motorists' new year" has in store. There is little or no talk of lavishly equipped large cars. In tune with the times, the efforts of almost every maker are being concentrated on the production of comparatively small economy types.

***

THE coming year will see more light cars than ever before. The number of small Fours, and more interesting still, the number of Sixes of between 12 and 16 h.p., to be shown at Olympia this year will probably break all records. The programme of almost every British maker will include at least one model of this type. Indeed, a number of concerns which have not marketed a light car for some years and who have concentrated entirely on the larger types, have completely reversed their policy and are once more to include small cars in their range.

***

IT is an ill wind that blows no one any good. Trade depression and the consequent demand for small cars costing less to buy and to run, has created a new market for the British light car. Many who now buy smaller cars because they must, may, when trade revives, find that they definitely prefer the type. Our makers have an almost Heavensent chance to popularise all over the world a type of car in which we have always excelled. It is up to them to make the most of it—and I think they are doing so. They have paid particular attention to the needs of those motorists who must economise, but can yet afford something better than the cheapest utility baby. They have evolved a new class of car—the luxury baby—and this I regard as the most significant development of the year.

***

MANY makers for years past have listed models of round about 9 or 10 h.p., but in the coming year the number of cars in this class will be larger than before. It should prove a most popular type since, although it costs little more to buy or run than the smallest Seven, it has that extra roominess and that extra refinement which means so much. Typical of this new tendency is a new 9 h.p. model just introduced by a firm whose Sevens have long been famous, and in my notes this week I refer in detail to the specification of this interesting newcomer.

***

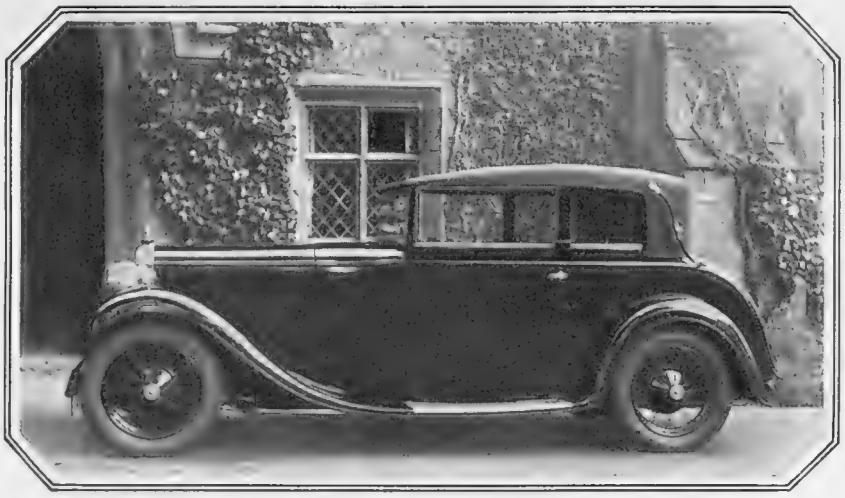
PERHAPS the most remarkable development of all is the standardisation, on some of the smallest and cheapest cars on the market, of features which have hitherto been found almost exclusively on larger and more expensive models. Four-speed gear boxes with silent third have now become a "popular" feature. I learn, too, of a small six-cylinder car of not more than 16 h.p. which will have the fluid flywheel and the preselective gear change which have already proved so successful on a famous make of luxury car.

***

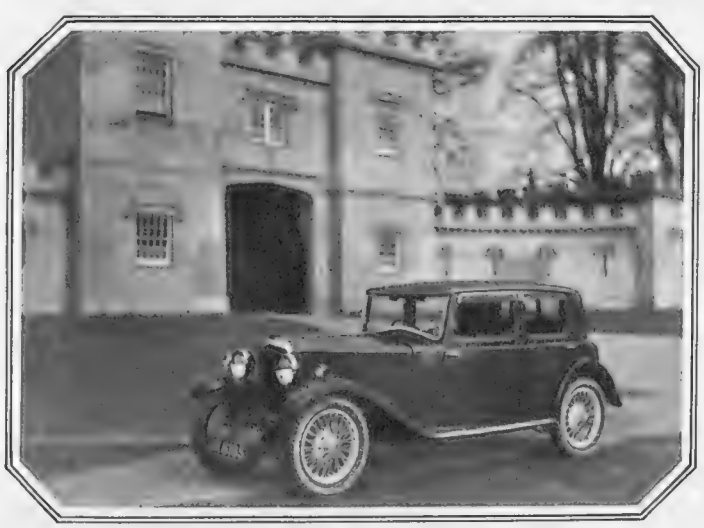
AS regards chassis design and bodywork, the specification of many 1932 models includes a number of what were hitherto large-car features. Servo or hydraulic braking, for example, is nearly as popular as the silent-third gear change. Bodywork is much more comfortable. The four-door baby saloon will shortly become a commonplace, while sliding roofs are either standard or can be had for very little extra. "Safety glass all round" is rapidly on the way towards becoming as much a commonplace as chromium plating or cellulose finish. The vogue for fabric coachwork has gone, and this year even the cheapest models will be available with coachbuilt bodywork.

***

IT would be absurd, of course, to suggest that the large car is dead, but for the time being, at any rate, progress has been suspended. The tendency among British manufacturers of recent years has been to build bigger cars, but the tendency this year is in the reverse direction. Trade depression has forced makers to concentrate on smaller types, and one of the most cheering signs in a time of black stagnation is the readiness of our motor manufacturers to respond to the mood of the market. The old criticism that the British manufacturer tried to foist upon his customers what he thought they ought to buy has no meaning to-day. Hard times have taught him the necessity of studying the market's requirements. I do not like annual programmes and an endless succession of new models. A noteworthy feature, however, of this year's programmes is the absence of futile striving after novelty merely for the sake of change. A genuine attempt has been made to revise production to meet a change in market requirements, and programmes for 1932 are eminently practical.



A special Daimler Foursome coupé with folding head, designed by Messrs. Stratton-Instone Ltd., on the new short 16/20 model. It is fitted with the Daimler Fluid Flywheel and Self-Changing Gear



A Riley Alpine Saloon at the gates of Luton Hoo Park, Bedfordshire. This model, which costs only £365, affords excellent value for money in the Light Six class

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

IN THE NEWS

New 9 h.p. Triumph Model

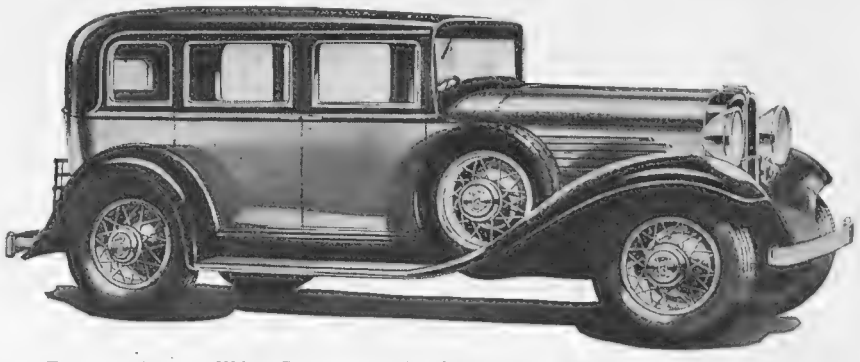
A striking example of the luxury baby, to which I have referred in my opening article, is the new and most attractive 9 h.p. model just introduced by the Triumph Company. The Super Nine, as it is called, has a four-cylinder o.h.v. engine, a four-speed gear box, a rear-mounted petrol tank, and semi-elliptic springs all round with silentbloc bushes. The standard four-door, six-light, coachbuilt saloon sells for only £175. A de luxe model is available for £10 extra, and both can be fitted with a sliding roof for an additional £2 10s.

As regards the Super Seven, which is to be marketed side by side with the Nine, the most notable departure is in body design. The "pillarless" four-door saloon is altogether new. It derives its name from the fact that there is no centre column as in standard practice. The doors are, in fact, like an ordinary double door in a house. This allows of easy access to both compartments, for when both doors are open the entrance space is nearly four feet wide. The two-door type is retained, standard two-door and four-door saloons each selling at £150.

The prices of the open models on the Super Seven chassis have been substantially reduced, the tourer now selling for only £140. An improved version of the 12 h.p. six-cylinder Scorpion, introduced a year ago, is to be retained for 1932. The four-door coachbuilt saloon sells at £185, and the de luxe model, with a four-speed gear box, at £20 more. All Triumph cars are fitted with Lockheed hydraulic brakes, and with the exception of the open models on the Super Seven chassis all are now fitted with a petrol tank mounted at the rear.

An Attractive Six

Included in the Willys Overland Crossley programme for 1932 is the attractive Willys Six model with a slide-valve engine of 25.3 h.p., Treasury rating developing 65 b.h.p. Six wire wheels are included in the specification, and the comfortable and roomy six-light saloon sells at £295.



The new 25.3 h.p. Willys Six. A comfortable six-light saloon, it is priced at £295

At It Again

The next great battle between baby cars will be fought out at Brooklands in four weeks' time, when Austin Sevens and M.G. Midgets will again be "at it" hammer and tongs in the 500 Miles Race, organised by the British Racing Drivers' Club. Four supercharged Austin Sevens have been entered, and the Earl of March is to enter a team of supercharged Midgets. This race should prove a gruelling test for the babies, since on handicap they will have to average a speed of no less than 94 m.p.h. It is one of the few events still open to genuine racing cars. The full Brooklands course is to be used, and the cars have to cover the 500 miles as fast as they possibly can. There are no restrictions with regard to bodywork, and no obstacles on the track. Many famous drivers will compete, including Sir Malcolm Campbell, Lord Howe, and Sir Henry Birkin.

'Were This!

One of the most important provisions of the new Road Traffic Act is Clause 14, which prohibits driving more than 15 yards off the public road, and then only provided the land is not private. Unless permission has been obtained a car may not be driven on any common, moorland or bridle way which does not form part of a public road. This creates an offence which may unwittingly be committed by hundreds of thousands of motorists who have been used to driving their cars on to commons.

Fountain-pen Tyre-Tester

A handy little gadget for testing tyre pressures is now being marketed by the Dunlop people. It is a pocket tyre-tester which fits like a fountain-pen into one's waistcoat pocket, and is available in two models—one giving readings from six to 52 pounds per square inch in one-pound units, and the other from 30 to 170 pounds in five-pound units. This little instrument is simple to work and gives very accurate readings. E. M. W.

Ashore or afloat . . .
you'll find KIA-ORA
LEMON OR ORANGE

—welcomed by your guests either as a long refreshing drink, or as a cocktail ingredient.

Make it your meal-time beverage; offer it to your guests at lunch, dinner and supper.

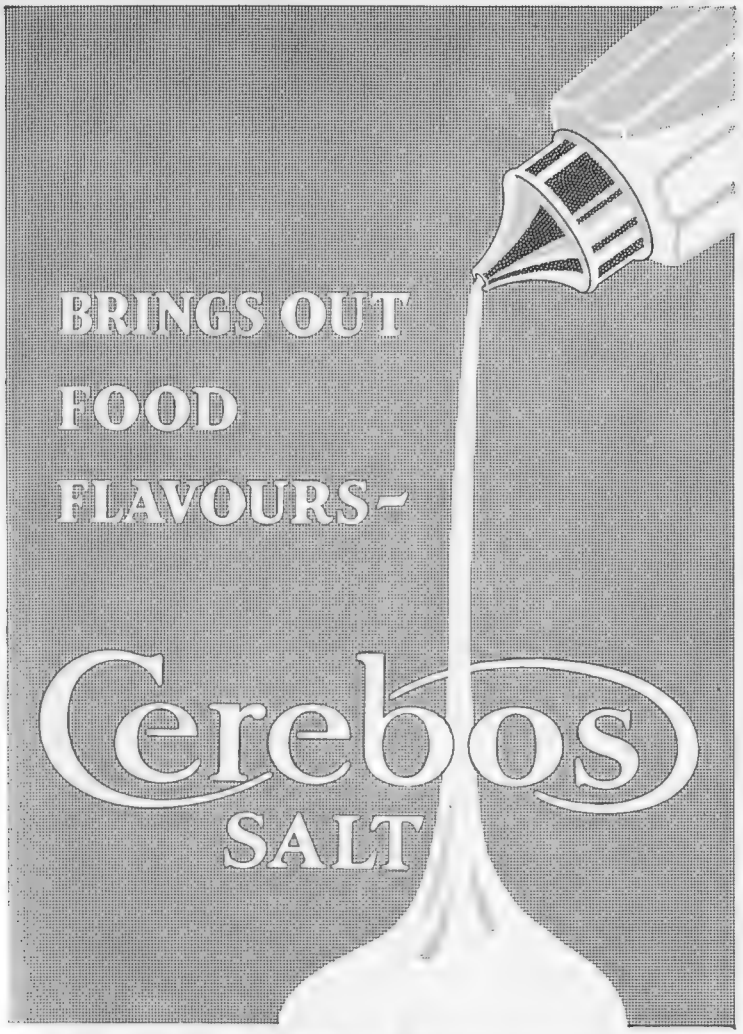
Kia-Ora is ideal for picnic and all out-door occasions.

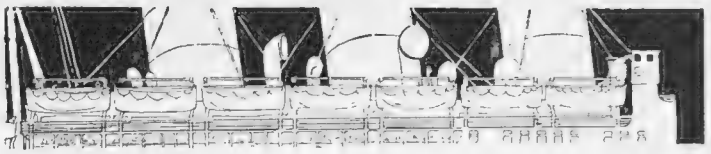
Sun-saturated fruit, retaining to the full all the flavour, mineral salts and vitamins of the fruit itself—Such is Kia-Ora.

PRICES REDUCED

Bottle (*Squash*) / Decanter (*Crush*) 1/11

Full-half size . . . 1/-





WINTER IN THE EAST

CEYLON
Eight weeks All-in Tour from £132 10s. Passage by P & O to Ceylon and back, the best hotels, private car and eleven days' tour in Ceylon.

EGYPT
Available November—January, combined P & O Sea, Rail and Hotel Tickets. Six Weeks' travel, including 18 days in Egypt, from £66 ; or, including 25 days in Egypt, from £74.

INDIA
For those who desire a spell of independent travel in India and Ceylon, return tickets, P & O, London to Bombay and back from Colombo, or vice versa, may be had from £75.

INDIA and BACK for £50
by the 17,000 ton Tourist-class ships "Moldavia" and "Mongolia" leaving London December 25, returning from Bombay February 13, admitting of four weeks' travel in India.

For Pictorial Folders apply :

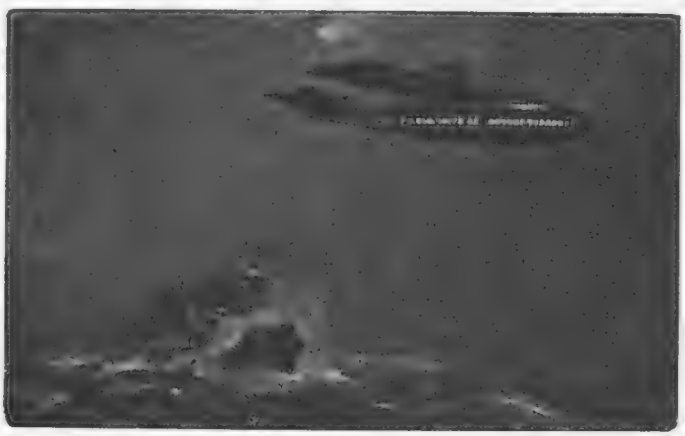
P & O TOURS (F. H. Grosvenor, Manager), 14, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1, or
P & O City Office: 130, Leadenhall St., E.C.3
P & O Strand Office: Australia House, W.C.2

FUR ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS
Beautifully executed. West End work at City prices. Highly recommended by "The Lady" and "Queen." Thousands of testimonials. Old Furs taken in part payment for new.)
FUR RENOVATING CO.,
58, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER
MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

WHEN REPLYING
to advertisements
please mention
THE
BYSTANDER
to ensure prompt
attention.

THE NIGHT MAIL



The "Bolivar," type for all time (thanks to Rudyard Kipling) of the ocean tramp, still battles with the heavy sea, but it is overhead that her weary men now see—or very soon will see—the mocking lights of the well-found liner pass them by

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY
FRANK H. MASON, R.I.,
has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY

There are two editions as follows:—
REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 30 only) .. £2:2:0
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) .. £1:1:0

The approximate size of the print is 16 inches by 10 inches.

Other Prints after FRANK H. MASON are:—
"IN COMPANY." "'MUSKOKA' UNDER ALL PLAIN SAIL."
"THE ROARING FORTIES." "LANDFALL."
"WHEN SAIL BEAT STEAM." "RUGGED WEATHER."
"THE 'BOLIVAR.'"
"THE GOLDEN GALLEON."

Particulars on application.

To be obtained from all Printsellers, or by post (Inland Registered Postage 1/- extra) from—
THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC
(CORPORATION OF LONDON)
Victoria Embankment, E.C.4.
Principal:
Sir LANDON RONALD F.R.A.M., F.R.C.M., etc.

FIRST CLASS TUITION in any Single Subject from £2 a term. STAGE TRAINING in Elocution, Gesture, Stage Dancing, Opera, Classes in Conducting, Fencing, Complete Musical Education at inclusive fees, £12 12s. and £14 14s. Special Training course for Teachers (approved by Teachers' Registration Council). Evening Classes given up to 9 p.m. Students can commence at any time.

Prospectus and Syllabus of Local and Diploma Examinations (open to general public) free.

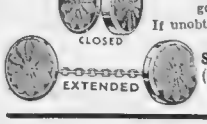
Autumn Term begins September 21st, 1931

H. SAXE WYNDHAM, *Secretary.*
Tele. Cent. 4459 & City 5566.

PULL UP *your sleeve —the LINK EXPANDS!*

No fuss with cuffs or rolling of sleeves for a wash or the odd job, **pull up your sleeve —that's all!** *"The cuff grips where you wish."*

EXPANDA CUFF LINKS
A sound job—not a toy.
Rolled Gold - 2/6 Double extension - 3/6
Hand Enamelled 5/6 per pair.
9 ct. gold 30/- per pair.
If unobtainable locally send direct.
Trade enquiries invited.



STRATTON & CO., LTD. (Dept. B), Balmoral Works Birmingham

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS.
(SALADE AUX CONCOMBRES.)

CONSOMMÉ BOUQUETIÈRE.

ROUGET GRILLÉ.
SAUCE BÉARNAISE.

GROUSE SPATCHCOCK.
SALADE AUX ORANGES.
POMMES DE TERRE FRITES.

CRÊME DE CHOCOLAT.

CROÛTES À LA CLARENCE.

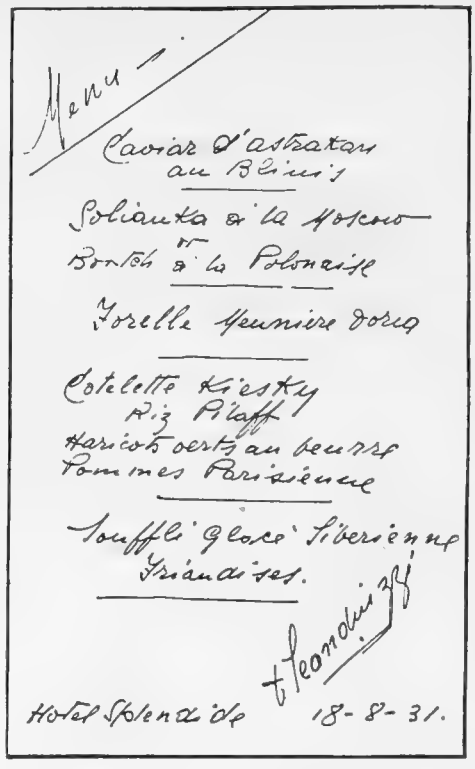
CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Salade aux Concombres

PEEL and slice a cucumber very thin; add an onion sliced; sprinkle well with salt; let stand half an hour on ice; press out all the water, sprinkle with white pepper and chopped parsley; add vinegar mixed with sugar to taste and salad oil. Serve at once.

Consommé Bouquetière

HAVE ready a clear, rather light golden-coloured consommé and serve garnished with green peas, carrots, turnips, and blanched lettuce cut into little fancy shapes. Cook the vegetables separately.



The menu of one of the dinners served at the Hotel Splendide, Piccadilly, at 12s. 6d. a head. It has been signed by the Grillroom Director, M. D. Scanduizzi

Rouget Grillé

WIPE the red mullet carefully with a clean piece of muslin, and score it with parallel cuts through the skin; season with coralline pepper and salt and salad oil. Grill for about a quarter of an hour. Serve very hot with

Béarnaise Sauce.—Beat the yolks of four eggs in a saucepan and add one tablespoonful of butter and a pinch of salt; stir the eggs over a slow fire till they begin to thicken, then take them off and stir in two more tablespoonfuls of butter; continue stirring at the side of the fire till the butter is dissolved. Season with some chopped fine herbs and parsley, and then stir in one tablespoonful of French vinegar.

Grouse Spatchcock

SPLIT the grouse down the back through the bone with a sharp knife, clean the birds and skewer them. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and brush over either side with olive oil. Cook for twenty minutes, turning them in the meantime, and each time brush over again with olive oil. Serve very hot garnished with watercress.

Salade aux Oranges

PEEL some oranges and cut in slices. Remove the pips and cover with caster sugar. Pour half a wineglass of rum on them and leave for an hour. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

Croûtes à la Clarence

FRY some rounds of bread, cover half with mushrooms and the other half with scrambled egg. Fry some rolls of bacon till crisp and place one roll on top of each croûte and serve very hot.

Let the "GREAT EIGHT" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

The GREAT EIGHT Reading Room in Paris

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIII^e, and at 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 8, Rue de la Rôtisserie, Geneva, Switzerland.

See it with a **'VEDET'** Pocket Prism **TELESCOPE**

Gives a new zest to holidays, rambles, tours, race meetings, regattas, etc., at home and abroad.

Complete in soft leather bag for pocket or handbag.

£3.17.6

A powerful prismatic with magnification of eight diameters, yet weighing only 7 ozs. and measuring but 4 ins. in length.

Prism binocular construction but with only one barrel and easier focusing than possible with the far heavier binoculars. You always see it — if you have a "VEDET."

Write for particulars

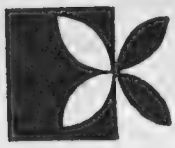
W. WATSON & SONS, Ltd., 313, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

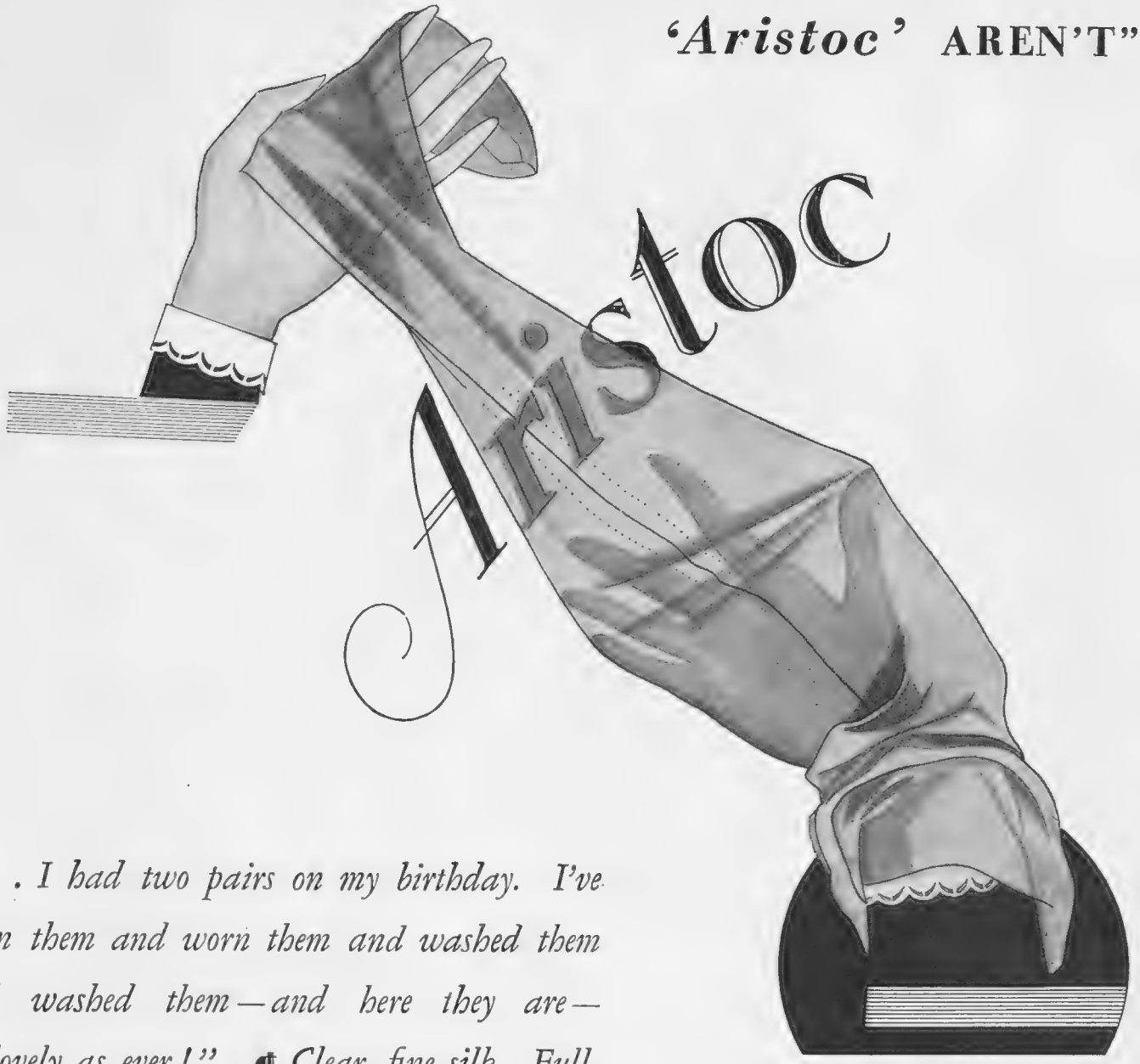
RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.



"I USED TO THINK SILK STOCKINGS AN EXTRAVAGANCE. *'Aristoc'* AREN'T"



". . . I had two pairs on my birthday. I've worn them and worn them and washed them and washed them—and here they are—as lovely as ever!" ¶ *Clear, fine silk. Full-fashioned. Wide yet close-fitting tops. Continental foot with no chafing side seams. Tapered-in, stepped-in toe with reinforcement over toe joint. Dyes that don't fade. Aristoc Stockings are made in Nottingham*

PURE SILK STOCKINGS

★

4/11 TO 12/6

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS

• *Sole Distributors to the trade for the British Isles:* W. L. ARBER LTD., *Portland House, 4 Great Portland St., Oxford Circus, London, W.1.*

"Luvisca" REG.D SHIRTS
SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

FREE across the shoulders. Giving instantly to the body's swing. Yet trim enough to suit the most fastidious of men. These silky and cheerfully coloured "LUVISCA" garments afford endless ease and seemingly endless wear. All the most modern and tasteful effects are included in the ranges offered by Outfitters.

SOLD BY LEADING HOSIERS, OUTFITTERS AND STORES

LOOK FOR THE REGD. TAB: Luvisca REG.D COURTAULDS

IF any difficulty in obtaining write COURTAULDS, LTD. (Dept. 8 M), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, for name of your nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

Cuticura

Are you satisfied with what your mirror reflects? Does it show a skin clear, healthy and beautiful? Consistent use of Cuticura assures you such a satisfying reflection. Cuticura Soap is cleansing and antiseptic; Cuticura Ointment keeps the skin soft and smooth and the scalp healthy; Cuticura Talcum imparts a dainty and refreshing fragrance.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross). ('Phone: Temple Bar 3161)
SIR OSWALD STOLL presents ERIK CHARELL'S
"WHITE HORSE INN"
A PLAY WITH MUSIC AND DANCE. Daily 2.30 and 8.15.

HOTELS

THE SUNNIEST SOUTH COAST HOTEL

For real peace and quiet, and every modern comfort, choose the Royal Victoria on England's sunny South Coast. Passenger lift to all floors. Hot and cold water in 100 bedrooms; also private suites. Good English food. Vintage wines. Famous chef. Delightful sun courts. From 4½ gns. inclusive.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
MARINA, ST. LEONARDS-ON SEA. Telephone: HASTINGS 869.

ST. AUSTELL
BAY HOTEL, PAR, CORNWALL
THE MOST IDEAL GOLFERS' AND MOTORISTS' RESORT IN ENGLAND
Sunshine and Sea Breezes!
18-Hole Golf Course, Hard Tennis Courts, Hot and Cold Sea Baths, Central Heating Vita Glass Sun Lounges. Dancing: Famous West Country Band.
Inclusive Terms from 21/- daily.
Apply Manager or London Office: 118, Newgate Street, E.C. (National 1163).

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Century Hotel.—600 rooms with bath. Roof Garden. Theatre Rest. Dancing Chantilly. Telegr. Centurotel.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres, 58, Avenue de Keyser. The most modern and the best clientele.

Brussels, Place Rogier.—Grand Hotel Albert Ier & Terminus-Nord.—1st Grade. Entirely New. Tel. Ad.: Terminord, Bruxelles.

Knocke-Zoute.—Dormy House.—1st class Hotel. Close golf, tennis, sea. Delightfully situated. Open all year. Tel.: 347 Knocke.

FRANCE.

Amiens (Somme).—Grand Hotel & Restaurant Picardie.—Entirely new. First class. A model of comfort. A.A. R.A.C.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev. rm. V.lge. garden.

Granville.—Hotel Normandy.—150 rooms with baths. Facing sea, near Casino, Beach and Golf. From 125 francs.

Juan-les-Pins (A.M.)—"Le Provencal."—Europe's most distinguished hotel. Open all the sunny year round. Casino.

Juan-les-Pins (Riviera).—Palais Wilson. Board from 8/6. Famous cuisine. Also small flats with bath and kitchen from £5-1½ monthly.

Le Touquet.—Golf Hotel. Facing the links. 200 Bedrooms. 100 Bathrooms. Private Tennis and Squash Rackets.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina. In forest, near Casino and tennis, 5 min. from golf and sea. Comfortable and moderate.

Marseilles.—Grand Hotel de Geneve. Restaurant overlooking Vieux Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

FRANCE.—*continued.*

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—Newest, first-class family Hotel of distinction. Greatest comfort at moderate terms. 200 rooms.

PARIS.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Hotel St. Petersbourg.—33/35, Rue Caumartin. Brit. fam. Hotel. Every mod. com. Same hotel: Hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

SWITZERLAND.

Berne.—Bellevue Palace and Bernerhof.—The only first-class Hotel overlooking river and Bernese Alps. Manager, F. Eggiman.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage Leading Hotel for English and American Clientele. Facing the Lake and Mont Blanc.

Geneva.—Carlton Hotel.—Every comfort. Moderate charges. Beautiful park. View over lake and Mt. Blanc. Tennis. Garage. Ideal stay for a holiday.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—Facing Lake and Mont Blanc. Up to date. Select and quiet. Inclusive from fs. 18.

Glion.—Grand Hotel and Righi Vaudois.—In large garden park overlooking Lake Geneva. Terms fm. 14.50. Tennis, Garages.

Glion.—Hotel Victoria. — Set in own beautiful park near fine walks. All comfort. Garages.

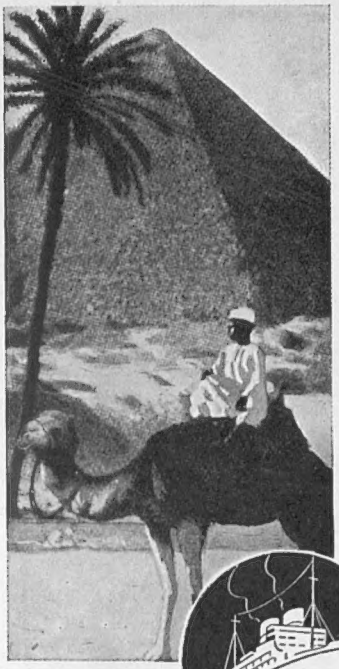
Lausanne.—The Belvedere Hotel.—1st cl. fam. hotel. Hot and cold running water. Priv. bathroom. Inc. terms. Frs. 13 to 18.

Lausanne.—Grand Hotel de la Paix.—Beautifully situated, splendid view on lake and Alps. Restaurant Grill. Echenard, Mgr.

Spiez.—Parc Hotel.
The most up to date in Spiez.
Moderate prices.

"ARANDORA STAR"

THE WORLD'S MOST DELIGHTFUL CRUISING LINER



CRUISES

NO holiday in all the World can approach the novel charm of a Sun-cruise on this superb vessel. As your eye is daily enchanted by new and romantic scenery, your body and mind are refreshed by comfort and luxury such as have never before been attained in all the proud traditions of the sea.

MEDITERRANEAN
September 11th, 21 days. Fare from 38 gns. To Lisbon, Casablanca, Tangier, Palma (Mallorca), Naples (for Vesuvius and Pompeii), Palermo, Algiers, Malaga, Ceuta (for Tetuan), Arosa Bay (for Santiago).

MEDITERRANEAN AND DALMATIAN COAST
October 9th, 22 days. Fare from 40 guineas. To Malaga, Palermo, Kotor (Cattaro), Dubrovnik (Ragusa), Brioni, Venice (for Padua), Corfu, Palma (Mallorca), Ceuta (for Tetuan).

CHRISTMAS CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN
December 18th, 19 days. Fare from 38 guineas. To Gibraltar (for Algeciras), Barcelona, Naples (for Vesuvius and Pompeii), Spezia, Genoa, Monaco (for Nice and Monte Carlo), Palma (Mallorca), Tangier, Lisbon.

BLUE STAR LINE

For full particulars of these and other forthcoming Cruises apply THE BLUE STAR LINE, 3, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1. (Ger. 5671) Liverpool: 10 Water Street and Principal Tourist Agencies.

"MILWATA" REGD. WEATHERPROOFS

are acknowledged by the leading buyers as being

THE SMARTEST AND THE MOST RELIABLE IN THE WORLD

and can now be obtained in the "MILWATA" Standard of material and Proofing from 14/11 from all the leading Outfitters in every Town for Men and Women.

If you require a new Waterproof for the coming Season INSIST on having a "MILWATA" and be sure you see our STANDARD LABEL and TICKET on the garment, which is a guarantee of the BEST BRITISH WORKMANSHIP throughout.

This coat is the "MELTON" at **32/9** made in light-weight rubberized Tweed and very suitable for the Holidays and the early Autumn Season, being thoroughly waterproof and a very smartly tailor-made garment.

Wholesale only:
H. E. MILLS, Ltd.
"Milwata House," 18 WELLS ST., LONDON, W.1.
'Phone No.: Museum 1326 (2 lines)

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

J. Goddard & Son, Station St., Leicester.

VAPEX

[REG TRADE MARK]

INHALANT

The Simple, Speedy Safe, Cold Cure

Simply put a drop on the handkerchief and breathe the vapour. Perfectly safe—"Vapex" acts as a gentle stimulant to the respiratory system. Wonderfully speedy because the vapour kills the germs which cause the trouble. The sooner "Vapex" is used the sooner will your cold disappear.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V.5.L. THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD

SPORTING EVENTS

come and go, but the outstanding weekly one, coming ever fresh, every Friday, is the appearance of

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

ONE SHILLING WEEKLY

UNIVERSAL HAIR Co.

Established 1895.

West End Branch:
1, BERNERS ST., OXFORD ST., W.1.

TRANSFORMATIONS TOUPETS, ETC., AT MODERATE PRICES

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ORNAMENTAL HAIRWORK UNDERTAKEN AND CAREFULLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

SPECIAL SHADES EXTRA.

Switches of Pure Human Hair

16 in. ..	5/9	22 in. ..	15/9
18 in. ..	8/9	24 in. ..	22/9
20 in. ..	11/9	26 in. ..	26/9
28 in. ..	37/9		

FOR

GOODS ON APPROVAL SEE OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (POST FREE).

Address Manageress:
80-84, Foxberry Road, BROCKLEY, S.E.4.

THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY AND QUANTITY

Player's Navy Cut

Cigarettes

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

N.CC. 65

SEVILLE (SPAIN)

Holy Week. Procession.

Holy Week. Procession.

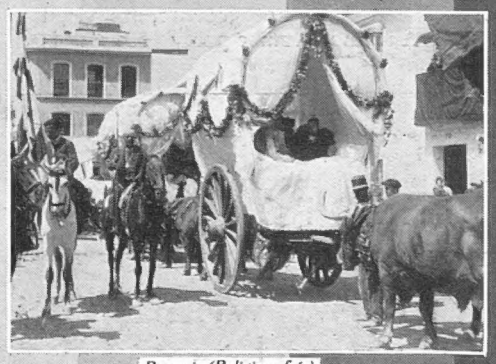
Riders in Andalusian Dress.

Fair. Andalusian Chariot.

Andalusian Fete

Folding of Bulls.

Holy Week. Procession.



Romeria (Religious fete).

VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

The country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land. In these days of economic depression money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at **PARIS,** 12, *Boulevard de la Madeleine;* **NEW YORK,** 695, *Fifth Avenue;* **ROME,** 9, *Via Condotti;* **GIBRALTAR,** 63-67, *Main Street. At* **LONDON** *and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, The American Express, Dean & Dawson, Ltd., or any other Travel Agency.*

You are amused by the Social Climbers ?

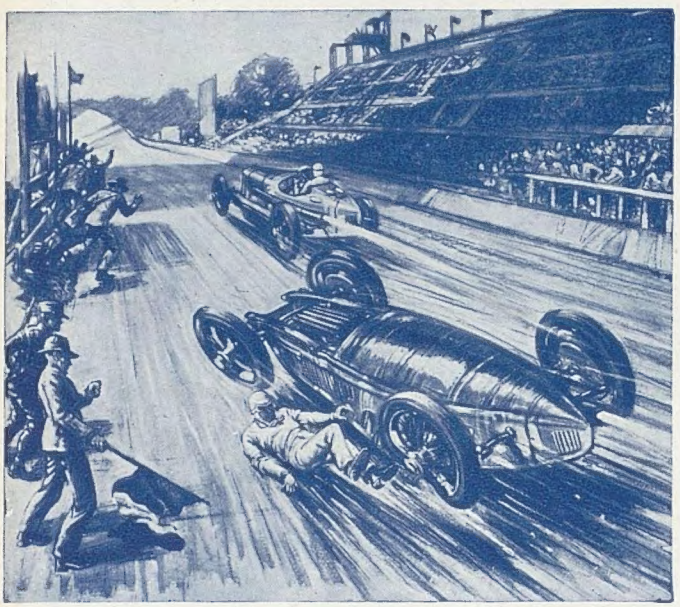
"THE GENTLE ART OF SOCIAL CLIMBING," by *C. Patrick Thompson*, and illustrated by *John Austen*, reviews with some satire how the aspiring climbers endeavour to crash into Society. . . . Highly amusing, and all of it true!

You enjoy a good story based on French history ?

Then, even if you have heard it before, the amazing story of "THE DIAMOND NECKLACE," as described by *Norman Hill* and illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.*, makes delightful reading. The affair of the diamond necklace was one of those tremendous trifles which changed the course of European history.

Have you ever felt the fear of Speed ?

When you touch fifty—sixty, does fear make you raise your foot? Your car reached this efficiency through the hazards of speed that somebody took. "THE TOLL OF SPEED," by *Barrie Lyndon*, is a human review of what speed fever demands, and the deathly toll it has taken.



Better be sure than embarrassed. . . . .

In these days it is so easy to do the wrong thing in Dress. *Madge Garland*, the woman editor, gives pages of timely sound advice on dress for the Autumn.

Are you preparing now for Autumn parties ?

A reputation as hostess is an enviable thing. Every season has its particular demands. The table suggestions by Winifred Lewis, presented in photogravure, are vivid reminders that the Autumn dinner-party season is returning.

Does a true stowaway story interest you ?

Eric Muspratt, the author of "My South Sea Island," writes "STOWAWAY." He writes: "This is my first real-life story since my book." "STOWAWAY" is fact. His fellow-passengers on the "Rawalpindi" will confirm it. It is a gripping story.

Do you know what you pay for at a big Hotel ?

Charles Graves in "THE £ S. D. OF HIGH LIFE" takes you behind the scenes in the big hotels and clubs of London. You may think the prices are high, but when you have read this account and seen the men who matter, you will know there's a good reason why.

THESE ARE BUT A FEW OF THE "HIGH SPOTS" IN THE SEPTEMBER

BRITANNIA AND EVE

NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. September 2, 1931.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.